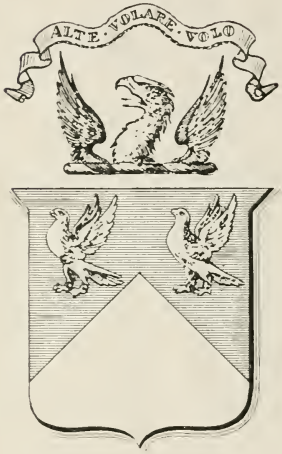
UC-NRLF
B 3 327 257

The
University of California
Library




H. Morse Stephens

University of California

955
W927

To the Editor of the Academy
With the Author's Compliments

THE

# WORLD OF THOUGHT:

## A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEFORE I BEGAN TO SPEAK."

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,
4, STATIONER'S HALL COURT.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

LONDON:
FLEET PRINTING WORKS,
14, WHITEFRIARS ST., E.C.

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

PR
3991
A7
B4
MAin

# PREFACE.

"We write from aspiration and antagonism, as well as from experience. We paint those qualities which we do not possess."—EMERSON.

The above quotation embodies the ideas upon which the "World of Thought" has been written.

THE AUTHOR.

514891

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/worldofthoughtno00beforich

# CONTENTS.


CHAPTER I.

PAGE

SISTER AND BROTHER ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 1

CHAPTER II.

FASCINATION ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 9

CHAPTER III.

THE DIARY OF A MIND ... ... ... ... ... ... 16

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT ... ... ... ... ... ... 31

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRE ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 40

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST LOVE AND A REVERIE... ... ... ... ... ... 47

CHAPTER VII.

THE ACCIDENT ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 55

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE

A Time-Server ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 64

CHAPTER IX.

The World's Revenge upon Society ... ... ... ... 69

CHAPTER X.

A Portrait ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 76

CHAPTER XI.

A Sermon ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 82

CHAPTER XII.

The Rivals ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 89

CHAPTER XIII.

What is Prayer? ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 96

CHAPTER XIV.

The Dawn of Love ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 103

CHAPTER XV.

The General Patents Company ... ... ... ... 113

CHAPTER XVI.

A Promoter's Office ... ... ... ... ... ... 120

CHAPTER XVII.

Sunningdale ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 126

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAGE

A Declaration of Love ... ... ... ... ... ... 131

CHAPTER XIX.

Authorship ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 136

CHAPTER XX.

Shadows ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 148

CHAPTER XXI.

Reading, Learning, and Leisure ... ... ... ... 151

CHAPTER XXII

Love and Learning... ... ... ... ... ... ... 160

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Burglary ... ... ... ... ... ... ... .. 168

CHAPTER XXIV.

Jealousy... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 175

CHAPTER XXV.

Plotting... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 184

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Plans of the Altruist ... ... ... ... ... 188

CHAPTER XXVII.

Egoism versus Altruism ... ... ... ... ... ... 199

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PAGE
DUPLICITY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES ... ... ... ... 205

CHAPTER XXIX.

RECONCILIATION ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 210

CHAPTER XXX.

COLLAPSE OF GENERAL PATENTS COMPANY ... ... ... 218

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE REWARD OF TREACHERY ... ... ... ... ... 224

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 227

## CHAPTER I.

### SISTER AND BROTHER.

IN a room at the top of a house in one of the streets branching off from Oxford Street, near the Marble Arch, sat a lady busily occupied in addressing envelopes. The quick manner in which she was moving her fingers indicated that there must have been a necessity for her to do a certain amount of work in a given time. She did not rest for one minute; mechanically taking an envelope from the packet, and then turning to a huge directory to copy an address, and finishing by dropping it into a wooden box which lay at her feet. To judge by her wearied expression this was a task. Strange it is that our faces should become so impressed by our labour and our thought. The artist delineates expression, so does Nature delineate the thoughts that occupy our minds, illustrating their tendency. The prevailing thoughts at last form the fixed expression, which to the observant indicates the character and disposition.

The wearied expression in this case arose from the

uncongenial nature of the work. She was occupied as a governess for many hours of the week in one of the houses adjacent to the park. Her salary being inadequate to allow of her pursuing her studies as an artist, she supplemented it by addressing envelopes and copying manuscript.

The remuneration for the labour she was then engaged upon was trifling; but it sufficed to purchase the materials for painting. Her additional work was often undertaken when she was not inclined for it; but it was performed with a celerity and diligence known only to those who seek to use labour definitely as a means to an end.

The room was ornamented with her paintings, studies of trees, flowers, and country scenes, which all bore witness to her genius. Her love for painting was a passion, and, aided by her knowledge of botany, enabled her to occupy her leisure in a manner agreeable to her refined and delicate tastes, and also compensated her for the drudgery she went through almost daily when her hours of tuition were over. Her drawings of flowers and country scenes frequently appeared in a horticultural paper, the proprietor of which was too grasping to pay her a fair remuneration for her work. Had he been just in his payments to her, she need not have bestowed her time upon either of her other employments.

She had suffered from a great reverse of fortune that would have utterly broken down many; but,

having an object in view, she did not feel the burden weigh so heavily as might have been expected; because she felt convinced that eventually her talent for painting would emancipate her from all occupation but that of an artist. She was the daughter of an officer who had married a lady with a small income. They were obliged by their position to live up to their slender means. Their prospects of being enabled to give their children a fortune were remote. They, therefore, educated them in such a manner as to enable them to make their own way in the world. The time, unfortunately, soon came when the wisdom of their plans became evident; for the father was ordered out to India with his regiment, and had been there but a very few months when he died from a fever caught whilst camping out. His wife, whose health had been gradually failing since his departure, soon succumbed on hearing of his death, so that their two children, a girl and a boy, were thrown upon the world, not friendless, but without the means of existence, except by occupation of some kind.

They saw the necessity of turning their education to account; and, by dint of perseverance, were both soon earning small incomes. Possessing good manners, and being known to be well connected, they were engaged by people who valued their abilities, but who, nevertheless, paid them very little for their services.

The world appears to take advantage of misfortune,

and, whilst seeming to assist, makes use of the sufferers.

The brother, who had an appointment at a solicitor's office, often accompanied his sister in rural walks, which were anticipated with much pleasure, especially as the reminiscences appeared upon the walls of their rooms to remind them of the happy hours they spent together. The parents' refined ideas had descended to the children, who had benefited by their loving advice.

Richard and Isabelle Willoughby were qualified to gain high positions in the world. They had to struggle for existence, but they benefited by it, and benefited those amongst whom they were thrown, and their talents were beginning to be appreciated. Richard and Isabelle were, in fact, fair examples of what might often be effected if parents, in good position, and possessing but slender means, were to train their children with the idea that to earn one's own livelihood is the noblest course to adopt.

Isabelle at last put down her pen, and, going to the window, threw it open. In a moment the room was redolent with the perfume of heliotrope and mignonette; for, true to her love of flowers, she always managed to spare time to attend to them. She then turned to a table, upon which were articles for painting, and took up a picture of a country scene, her latest study, which she had just finished. She was evidently pleased with the result of her work, and justly so. It refreshed her mind to

see that she could accomplish so charming a picture. The scene was a country lane, where the distant hills, covered with green, sloped down to the ploughed fields. Where the cultivated parts appeared, the vegetation was most attractive. Some of the fields were skirted by trees, all admirably painted; and the hedges that divided the road from the fields were filled with blossom. The perspective was perfect. In the foreground was a willow tree, laden with catkins, painted so artistically that the graceful flowers hung from the delicate twigs as if they could be waved by the air of the apartment. The flowers in the hedges were also exquisitely painted. Being a botanist as well as an artist there were no exaggerated forms; she could not fail to reflect nature whenever she touched her canvas. She was in love with her work, and, in her enthusiasm, was about to kiss the canvas when the door opened, and in stepped her brother.

"What!" he exclaimed, "kissing your picture. No, no, my sweet sister, kiss me instead;" and, taking her by the hands, he kissed first her cheek, and then her forehead, saying immediately afterwards, "Why your room is positively charming! What with your paintings, the perfume of the flowers, and my sister, it is in itself a picture; but, what a joke, to actually catch you kissing your painting."

"My dear brother, I was so impressed with the vividness of the scene, of its being so good a representation of nature——"

"That you naturally wished to impress a kiss upon it," laughingly interrupted her brother. "Now, tell me, was it not vanity that prompted you, the delight of perceiving that your painting was so charming?" he continued.

"No, sir," quickly responded his sister, "delight at having reproduced a scene at which I had spent so many happy hours, was the moving element to my impetuosity," responded Isabelle. "You know how I love the country; and to be able to remember the view, and reproduce the scene so exactly from memory, led me on to the foolish act you witnessed. Of course I allowed my enthusiasm to gain possession of me; but, if you are jealous of my painting, kiss me again, dear brother."

"Stop, stop! sister mine, the painting is really true to nature, and represents the spot so faithfully, that I am not surprised at your delight. I am quite as much charmed as you are. You can depict rural scenes which you visit, and which multiply hours of happiness, and recall departed pleasures. You must send this to the Academy, now that it is finished. I am proud of my sister for possessing such ability, even if she is not proud of it herself; but I came to take you for a stroll in the park. Go into your room and dress. Meanwhile, I will admire your work."

She quickly returned, and they left the house together, and were soon earnestly engaged in a conversation that ended in an appointment

for another trip into the country. After walking for two hours, Richard took Isabelle back to her rooms, and wended his way to his own. She went upstairs, and was about to resume her occupation of addressing envelopes, when she caught sight of her face in the mirror, and thought that she could then draw it. She took up her pencil and sketched her own face.

To describe beauty is always difficult; the idea is so relative a one, resting so much on our education and realisation of our own ideal. But no one with the least love for the beautiful could have failed to admire the face that was being delineated by its fair possessor. The long head, the square forehead, both indicated mental power; the eyebrows slightly inclined to be masculine, but saved from that appearance by their delicate pencilled corners, added a charm to the softness and to the brilliancy of a pair of eyes that would alone have entitled any woman to be termed beautiful, but when set in an oval frame, where the cheeks appeared to blend into a chin which represented tenderness and benevolence, it can easily be understood that nature would have erred had she not given to the possessor many other beauties to delight the observer; in fact, her face was drawn as described by the poet—

> "Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape,
> Her features, seem to be drawn by love's
> Own hand; by love himself—in love."

The mouth of a woman is always expected to be an attraction. We look at it expecting to hear music; it does not disappoint us; and we turn from it to seek what is considered a still greater charm, the expression of the eyes. The mouth of the artist was as charming as the most fastidious critic of beauty could desire. It appeared to have been intended as an instrument for emitting sweet sounds. The curves of the lips would have satisfied Lavater as to the possessor's being noble, pure, and prudent. Her nose was of the feminine type which adds piquancy to the face, but which is indescribable as to its shape, Her ears appeared, as it were, clasping her head; they seemed placed there to attract attention to a well turned neck. We have now, we think, finished the picture that was being delineated.

With the true inspiration of the artist, she had caught her own expression in all its simplicity and intensity, quite forgetting that she was the subject, so that instead of a studied expression there was the artist's enthusiasm depicted by the artist herself, who was quite unaware of the beauty she had portrayed from nature.

## CHAPTER II.

FASCINATION.

ISABELLE'S paintings enabled her brother Richard to lead his thoughts to country scenes, and to turn from wearisome toil to the pleasure of country lanes in sunshine and shade. His room at once displayed the nature of his occupation in his spare moments. It was studded with small book-shelves, the books being so disposed in them that he knew at a glance where to go for the subject then under consideration. On one of them were books relating to law. On another was a number relating to philosophy. Each science that he had taken up had a separate set of shelves for the books relating to it. In a nook near a table where he sat to write were a few books referring to mental phenomena which he had continual recourse to. He had lately been reading Volney's "Ruins of Empires," and this had caused him much reflection. He spent his leisure in writing for various publications; and he was joined in his pursuits by many of his friends, with whom he discussed the various subjects he was

writing upon. They were genuine admirers of his intellect and disposition, so that his life, though one of continual labour, was varied by the visits of his friends, who came to chat with him and to admire the beautiful studies upon his walls. The artist was unknown to them, and they constantly speculated amongst themselves how he became possessed of his pictures. They recognised their great merit, and knew that their friend's slender means were not large enough to enable him to purchase works of art. They had a surprise in store, which was not far off, and which led to some amusement. Richard Willoughby was silent as to the name of the artist for several reasons. In the first place, he did not care to introduce his sister to his club friends; therefore she never visited him. He was also disinclined to say that they were his sister's work, because he hoped that the Royal Academy would be the channel of introduction for her; and therefore his pride for his sister's talent tempted him to await her public success before giving her name as the artist who had adorned his walls. He had often to repress his delight at hearing the expressions of praise of her gifts.

He was about to turn to Justinian, whose Institutes he was studying, when he thought of how he had interrupted his sister, and he burst into a loud laugh; and the more he considered the nature of the action he had checked the more amused he became. He did not hear his door open, nor notice the entrance of

one of his friends, who informed him of his visit by placing his hand upon Richard's shoulder, uttering at the same time: "Why, Willoughby, you must have gone stark mad to be laughing over Justinian. Well, I suppose it must be the result of your great intellect, They say the wiser we become, the more beauties we see, and I think the simile is adequate to say, that the more learned we become the more wit and humour we perceive. Oh, dear me, who ever thought of finding a man sitting down laughing heartily over Justinian! I shall expose you, I shall, indeed I shall. You must be a wit, a monster of humour, to find anything droll in that book. Are you going to give an entertainment upon it? Have you conceived a reading for an after dinner's amusement among our friends?"

"Enough sarcasm. Hold hard, old fellow," Willoughby exclaimed. "Is it not possible to be looking at a book whilst thinking of something else?"

"Yes," answered his friend; "but with your capability for concentration, you must have seen something humorous or witty in that book. Come, let us have it. Do let me laugh with you. They say no one who has once laughed can be totally wicked, and I want to laugh heartily just for once, and then my reputation will be established."

"Well, then, suppose I assure you that I was laughing at my own thoughts and not at Justinian."

"Well, if you assure me of that I am satisfied; but, if you are ashamed to state you were enjoying

the humour of Justinian, then I think you selfish not to give me the benefit of your discovery and pleasureable amusement. I came to ask you about your address at the World of Thought. We are all anxious to know the subject you propose discussing, and I can tell you something good is expected, and I firmly believe it will be, especially after finding you laughing immoderately over Justinian."

"Now, now, my dear fellow, have I not just now assured you that I was laughing at my thoughts, and not at what is in the book?"

"Oh! so you did," answered his friend. "Well, forgive me, but remember, as you did not tell me what thoughts you were really laughing at, I could not be expected to recollect your explanation, as you gave none."

"You are incorrigible. I will not tell you, nor will I tell you the subject upon which I purpose addressing the club."

"Why not?" asked his friend.

"Because you will tell all our friends, and they will know all about it before I deliver it."

Richard said this to De Witt, though he really was indifferent about it. So he said, "Yes, De Witt, I will read it to you, and you shall give me your opinion upon it."

Richard Willoughby then turned to a drawer, from which he took out a paper, and read the following article entitled "Fascination."

Man sometimes possesses a power over others

which appears indefinable, and which he does not even himself understand; but which nevertheless, in many cases, can hardly be resisted. This power is termed fascination. It arises from the voice, manner, and desire being in perfect unison. If the manner and the consideration for the sentiments of others be assumed, the deception is evident; because if the manners are charming and the intention is not sincere, the voice indicates the insincerity. The voice proves the genuineness of our feelings; and hence the acknowledged eloquence of grief, and the earnestness of enthusiasm. Manners may be assumed, expression may also be assumed, but it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to arrange the voice to deceive, it is the tell-tale. Actors are perhaps the only ones who succeed, and they are acknowledged to be rare.

Many are satisfied to judge of the character by the voice. Nature never allows herself to be totally misrepresented; she is never foiled. The voice, therefore, indicates the sham consideration; surface manners are possible, but they really do not fascinate. Humanity yields itself with perfect confidence to the reality. Fascination is rare: it is an immense power; and is a prize worth a kingdom to those who recognise its right use. It always aims at producing self-respect, because those who fascinate unwittingly, often, or perhaps always, render others happy; they perceive agreeable traits, and their minds illustrate them. Consider for one moment the conversation, manner, and voice of those who only

perceive blemishes, and compare the two! Fascination will then appear to the reflector in its proper light.

"Bravo! Bravo! A second Lord Chesterfield. After all, you must have found something humorous in Justinian," said his friend De Witt.

"Well, do you think the ideas are true?"

"Yes, I do; but so few people care about being fascinated."

"You are wrong there," answered Willoughby, "everyone requires to be, before he can enjoy life at all; but I will not read any more, or you will think me a great bore."

"No I shall not. I asked you to tell me, and I want to hear more about it. I want to learn how to acquire the art of fascinating. I have read Lord Chesterfield's letters. I am, perhaps, upon the threshold of becoming fascinating both in manners and address, so let us discuss some more about fascination. Do you think that dress has anything to do with it?"

"*Ad*dress has," answered Willoughby.

"Oh! if you are beginning to pun upon so serious a subject, I must believe that after all Justinian's Institutes caused your merriment. However, as you seem disinclined to humour me, I shall leave you to fascinate yourself with your own society, whilst I go to fascinate somebody else." Whilst speaking he tendered his hand to his friend, saying, "I shall see you to-night at the club."

De Witt then left his friend to himself, who now turned to Justinian in real earnest, and was soon lost in the subject before him.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DIARY OF A MIND.

HERBERT WALDRON and Edgar Adrian were almost inseparable companions. At the World of Thought they were termed the altruists. This was not said in a sneering way; it was a title which they had justly earned. Most of their time was spent in endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of others. Herbert Waldron, the elder of the two, had originated the club. Their shining intellects combined to attract and to stimulate the members. Members of Parliament had frequently been known to adopt their suggestions.

The world at large had reaped many benefits from their labours. Such being the case, it was not surprising that they were the idols of the club. Their manners were polished, and nature had bestowed upon them both a most distinguished appearance. Fortune had favoured the elder one, who possessed a considerable income, and he was enabled to carry out his almost utopian ideas. The younger one, though independent, was far from rich, but he had

enough to allow him to pursue the avocation of a barrister, to which profession he was eminently adapted.

The friends just described were seated in a room in a house which belonged to the elder one. The apartment they were then occupying overlooked a terrace above a sloping lawn, the bright emerald hue of which contrasted with a running stream which flowed at its edge, bordered by willows that had been evidently planted to give effect to the landscape. The scene from the terrace was perfect. There was a long range of hills in the distance, the slopes of which were so divided as to give vistas enough to supply views for at least five or six different pictures. At the foot of the hills were woods, so dense as to appear interminable. The sun often shone upon the tops of trees in one part of the scene, leaving the wood at another part in the shade. There was an abundance of birds that made the woods echo with their songs as if in token of their gratitude for being permitted to remain undisturbed.

Herbert Waldron had caused his windows to be made down to the floor, and had so arranged a number of mirrors that the distant hills, the woods, the trees, the slopes, the running river, and the bright green sward could be seen reflected from every part of the room. Upon a moonlight night it was possible to survey the surrounding country from any position within the room, a delight which need be only once

felt to remain indelibly fixed upon the mind; for the quiet then engenders a sensation of repose which leads to meditation, the instigator of noble thoughts; and herein, perhaps, was the cause of some of the projects which had gained for the possessor of the domain the name of the altruist.

He was seated at a large table covered with papers. His friend, Edgar Adrian, was lounging in an armchair, listening earnestly to his conversation.

"Well, Edgar, what did you think of the last debate at the World of Thought?"

"Oh! I thought it was extremely interesting," Edgar replied, "and I am anticipating the evening when some other candidates will read themselves in. I think your idea is an excellent one, that membership should depend upon the results of their mental efforts."

"It has proved a great source of amusement," Waldron said, "and enables us to perceive where the ability lies."

"Yes, especially when somebody I know was only awaiting the opportunity to display his own," was Edgar's rejoinder.

"What do you mean? Am I to infer that you think that I was anxious to display mine?" asked Waldron.

"To tell you the truth, I did, and do think so even now; and I know how desirous you are to turn the whole club into a literary circle. I think you are delighted to have the opportunity of so doing. And

now we shall have your pet theories aired, and doubtless at last there will be produced a regular series of articles, such as How to teach humanity to do without amusement; How to explain the unknowable; How to control one's actions; How to control other people's actions."

"Come, come, Edgar, you have suggested quite as many subjects as will be necessary for me to introduce for the next ten years; and, although I thank you very much for giving me credit for so much energy, and also for knowledge of so wide a range, I think you have mentioned too many serious subjects for me."

"Certainly, you are right," replied Edgar; "and when my turn comes at the club to give an address, I will choose the subject of youth and age, if you like, and as you appear inclined just now for some thoughtful expressions from me, I will give them so that I may hear your opinion upon the subject."

"Very well; I am all attention, let me hear you; but mind, I must have nothing but what is purely original, no borrowed idea or known quotation."

"Very well; you shall judge for yourself whether my simile be original or not. Now, can you tell me why age is like youth?"

"I did not expect you to ask me a riddle," said Waldron.

"Oh; very well, then. Age is like youth in many respects; vanity rules both; and when we are

without ability in youth, we are sure not to possess it when we grow older."

"Not so bad for you, Edgar," said his friend, "though there is not much depth in it; but, considering that I am your senior, I think there is a little sarcasm in it. I think, in time, you will succeed well as a critic."

"Thank you," replied Edgar. "Remember I have a good instructor."

"And I have an apt pupil," Waldron answered.

"Well, then," Edgar vivaciously said, "we have now resolved ourselves into a Mutual Admiration Society."

"What do you think of the idea I am endeavouring to work out?" Waldron asked.

"What is it?"

"Why, I am keeping a diary of my thoughts and reflections. I think the usual actions and events are too trivial to make a diary of. They are seldom or never worth recording unless a man is either on his travels, or an ambassador to a foreign country, or engaged in some scientific pursuit; but mental phenomena are so useful to reflect upon, and fraught with coincidence; and therefore I have commenced a Diary of a Mind."

"I perceive the drift of your labour," said Edgar, who had been listening attentively, "you want an outlet for your altruistic ideas, and have devised an original method for developing them. Are you going to have them printed?"

"Perhaps," replied Waldron.

"You will be entering the church one day."

"I intend going some way beyond it," responded Waldron.

"Where, then?"

"Into the churchyard."

"I knew you would make a grave affair of it," Edgar said, "but put me down for fifty copies of the Diary of a Mind when you have it printed."

"Fifty copies! what for?" Waldron asked.

"Oh! I may want even more than that number."

"What for?"

"Am I obliged to tell you?" said Edgar, smiling as he spoke: "well, to satisfy your curiosity, I intend to send a copy of your book to each of the lunatic asylums."

"Indeed!" replied his friend.

"Yes," Edgar resumed, "it may be useful for the doctors to consult. They may be able to diagnose abnormal states of mind after reading its pages."

"Which state do you consider will be illustrated?" Waldron asked.

"My dear friend, how can you expect me to answer that question before I have read your book?"

The preceding dialogue was carried on throughout with good humour, because it was between two friends—friends in every sense of the word. The disparity of their ages counted as naught between them. Their ideas and their habits were alike; consequently there was that sympathy of mind so neces-

sary to friendship. They did not associate for mere amusement: they were continually together for the purpose of discussing subjects in which they were both interested. The younger one possessed an unusual store of animal spirits; and his friend was glad to perceive that, with all the buoyancy of youth, he possessed an amount of thought necessary to give to life the aspect of the serious as well as of the opposite mood. So after a few minutes' reflection, Herbert Waldron suddenly turned to his friend and said—

"Perhaps you will acknowlege that life has been a grand gift to us?"

"Of course I do," promptly replied Edgar.

"Then," resumed his friend, "you will also acknowledge that we have not ourselves effected anything to inherit life; and, consequently, it appears the least we can do in return is to bestow some of, if not all, the results of our labour upon the world. Some possess neither the abilities nor opportunities which we have; and, if we are in possession of a power, without having performed any service to inherit it, it appears to be incumbent upon us to make some return. How is it to be accomplished? It is of the highest importance to ourselves to consider this question from every point of view. I think our aim should be to return to humanity some of the advantages we obtain from them; and, whether they be returned to the actual individuals who have benefited us, matters not. One ancient writer says

'that where there is room for a man there is room for a benefit'; and, I think, we could make the quotation applicable by maintaining that it is just as well to yield a benefit to anyone when possible as a return for those received, especially as the actual person who has benefited us may not require aid or advice, whilst many others may be suffering for the want of one or the other. Let us consider ourselves as instruments for a purpose in the economy of nature, and then there will be a definite plan for action. Some of us are receiving extraordinary benefits; some are passing through struggles which are, to say the least, deplorable and distressing. The cause of these different stages may possibly be explained, and in the explanation we hope to suggest a means of mitigating the miseries so large a part of mankind endure. The remedy may be forthcoming if a just estimate be formed of the benefits we have received as an inheritance, without in the least deserving them."

"Undoubtedly," replied Edgar, who was much interested in his friend's words. "I think your ideas are excellent. The question is," he continued, "how often can we put into practice so noble a thought? You cause me to quote by your remarks—though it is hardly necessary to utter such a quotation to you."

"You are always flattering me," rejoined his friend. "But let me hear the quotation."

"Well, then, Shakespeare has said: 'Be great in

act, as you have been in thought.' But I need hardly tell you that."

"Why not?" asked Waldron of his friend.

"I agree with every word you have uttered," answered Edgar, who continued by saying—"and I hope to be able to carry out your ideas. I think the World of Thought, to which we both belong, will aid us; and, I must say, I feel a great interest in the different subjects discussed there."

"Yes," said his friend. "It was a happy thought of mine, and I rejoice in it."

"You are right in doing so, and I envy you its origination."

"I am sure you do not," replied his friend. "However, since you take such an interest in it, prepare another paper, and read it at one of our meetings. They are always ready to hear you, and you appear to have gained their approbation."

"If I have their approbation," quickly responded Edgar, "you have gained a much greater opinion from all of them. You know they almost worship you."

"I am happy to say I have gained their esteem," Waldron replied; "but I am at a loss to know how it has been done."

"You need not be," Edgar answered.

"I acknowledge," said his friend, "that they are so intellectual and agreeable, that the club society has given me an extra zest for life."

"I do not think you required one," smilingly remarked Edgar.

They sauntered out together upon the terrace, and pointed out to one another the various aspects of the scene before them. Both being true lovers of nature, they experienced a genuine delight in the prospect, and walked up and down the terrace in silence, the welcome companion to two states of mind, friendship and love.

After about half an hour's silent promenade, Edgar turned to his friend and said—

"Now read to me the first thoughts you have written in your 'Diary of a Mind.'"

They re-entered the room, and Herbert Waldron then read the following:—

"I have given a title to my first efforts; it is partially a borrowed one, viz., 'The World of Thought and the Domain of the Senses.'"

"Of all the wonders of the universe, the World of Thought is perhaps the most remarkable. Its power, although unseen, extends everywhere, and is so potent that there is not a single thing that enters into the Domain of the Senses that is not known to the Dwellers in the World of Thought.

"The delight of being able to realise that there is such a world has been exquisitely described from time to time by poets, philosophers, scientists, and other thinkers, who have notwithstanding failed to attract mankind generally to dwell in it.

"Humanity has thus become divided into two great classes: those who belong to the World of Thought, and those who, outside its pale, reside in the Domain

of the Senses. The dwellers in the World of Thought are possessed of the power to visit the Domain of the Senses, but those who reside in the Domain of the Senses do not appear to possess the power of leaving their territory. The inhabitants of the World of Thought possess a store of energy obtained from the Domain of the Senses. This greatly increases their power, and renders them in return able to assist the inhabitants of the Domain of the Senses.

"Though the dwellers in the World of Thought are revelling in it, enjoying the greatest delights, extending their power day by day, and perceiving the beauties of the whole universe, the other portion of humanity suffer no disappointment, they being unaware of the delights experienced by the dwellers in the World of Thought. It being beyond their comprehension, they do not miss any of the advantages. When occasionally led to the borders of the World of Thought, they shrink back into their own dominion, fearing that some great labour may be imposed upon them if once they cross the border line of so extraordinary and bewildering a place, and that they might lose their way and not be able to return to their own sphere.

"The marvels in the World of Thought cannot be explained. When an attempt is made to describe its territory and the various powers it possesses, it is found to be too great an undertaking. That they extend and develop history proves. That the progression is slow is also evident. One of its most extraordinary

conditions is that those who once enter the World of Thought find it is impossible to quit it entirely; they may visit the Domain of the Senses, but they eventually return. Though bound to return, they are not prisoners; they are as free as the birds of the air, but are obliged to yield all they have acquired from the Domain of the Senses.

"A still greater wonder is that in the World of Thought the dwellers have the power of punishing or rewarding both themselves and others, their commendation or punishment being so effectual that it either stimulates or represses action amongst themselves and those in the Domain of the Senses. The work of the World of Thought being evident to those who are out of its sphere and who can never enter it, they look on with wonder at its results, and are entirely under its power.

"That the denizens of the World of Thought are chosen from a certain favoured few is proved to be erroneous, for they belong to all classes of humanity. Riches and poverty have nought to do with it; how the entrance is effected is a mystery yet to be solved.

"Those who live in the Domain of the Senses are willing to render great tribute for the advantages they receive whenever they can understand them; though, unfortunately, the greatest benefits are not comprehended; and, therefore, they have exposed themselves to the basest deception and superstition, artfully devised by some evil-minded dwellers in the World of Thought. This terrible trouble

arose in consequence of some of the dwellers in the World of Thought finding many attractions in the Domain of the Senses. They began to devise plans for enslaving the inhabitants for the purpose of obtaining possession of those things which minister to the happiness of the inhabitants of the Domain of the Senses, but which were valued in only a slight degree by noble-minded dwellers in the World of Thought.

"The miserable, base-minded dwellers in the World of Thought taught the poor ignorant inhabitants of the other world superstitions, and misrepresented the causes of phenomena of nature to such an extent that life often became unbearable to them—in fact, they became totally enslaved by their miserable misrepresentations, and were leading wretched lives, until those possessing still higher powers in the World of Thought took steps to check the abuse of a power that was evidently intended to benefit mankind generally. The power of this wicked portion of the World of Thought, however, was so great, especially as it had been exercised for so many ages, that even up to this present day thousands are suffering from the evils that have descended from generation to generation.

"If they had known that, simply by stepping into the World of Thought, their terrors and troubles would have been ended, they would not have done so, because they believed a great labour was entailed upon them directly they entered its boundaries.

This idea was encouraged by their enslavers, who by this means succeeded in carrying out their designs.

"Another marvel is that all the inhabitants who possess treasures in the World of Thought have the extraordinary power of increasing them whenever they bestow them on others, so that there is always a vast accumulation of resources to the most benevolent among them. The wicked portion of the World of Thought were influenced by totally different ideas. They thought that, by bestowing their possessions on others, their value would diminish. They were too narrow-minded to see the results; but the noble-minded acted as pioneers, and liberated the enslaved: not by giving them entrance to the World of Thought, because that is a privilege that they have not, up to the present time, acquired the power of bestowing, although they are seeking in every possible way to do it.

"They speak to the inhabitants of the Domain of the Senses, and try to tempt them to enter the World of Thought; and they picture the advantages. They employ a special body of dwellers in the World of Thought, the most active members, termed Scientists, who explain the truths of the world, and who do not profess to know anything more than their observation, reflection, and experiments have taught them. They possess the power of calling to their aid a gift that belongs both to the dwellers in the World of Thought and to the inhabitants of the Domain of the Senses. That

power is called imagination. The dwellers in the World of Thought believe that imagination may be trusted, if observation, reflection, and experiment be developed; but they say that, unless the three latter powers be united, the imagination misleads. The Scientists agree with this, and also say that it produces theory, and that they are enabled to assist the inhabitants of the Domain of the Senses by changing theory into practice. The denizens of the Domain of the Senses take great pleasure in ridiculing the theorists. The theorists bear with the treatment as they enjoy the conception of their ideas, rarely desiring any other reward than that of seeing their pet theory turned from the abstract into the concrete—a power especially belonging to the World of Thought. The struggle between the noble-minded dwellers in the World of Thought and the base-minded inhabitants still continues. Therefore the noble-minded must be determined to still further benefit humanity by exposing the shams and pretended knowledge of their base-minded neighbours."

After Herbert Waldron had finished reading from his diary he turned to his friend and said, "Edgar, I do not require your criticism; I know that you have an appointment."

Edgar replied, "I must read it again to myself the first opportunity; but now I must go to the club, I promised to be there."

Waldron was then left alone to enjoy the benefit of his reflections upon the first thoughts he had written in his Diary of a Mind.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

THE World of Thought, referred to by Herbert Waldron and Edgar Adrian, was a society held at a club, composed of scholars and others. Many of its members were connected with literature. They used the club as a medium for discussing their ideas, and also for gaining information upon subjects they intended to study or write upon. Any member of the club desirous of becoming a member of the World of Thought had to read an original paper. After the paper had been read a discussion ensued; and, if it was considered of sufficient merit, the candidate was forthwith elected. This method served two purposes. It enabled the World of Thought to select members with ability, and supplied endless topics for debate. There was one promise exacted from all which was faithfully upheld. It was that they should discuss only among themselves the failure of anyone who had endeavoured to read himself in. To have made the matter public would have deterred many from trying to join the

society. It was possible to be a member of the club without being a member of the World of Thought, which was a branch of it. Anyone who had been rejected was always eligible. It was known to the members that many would not take sufficient care over their address and their replies to the discussion, until they became aware that the World of Thought had been really established as a means for genuine enlightenment, though forming a part of a club which had been established more as a lounge. Selected articles which emanated from it were circulated continually outside the walls of the club, so that what was commenced as a private institution ended in becoming a public benefit. Only those original ideas which had been considered as useful to humanity were allowed to go beyond the precincts of the World of Thought.

Now that this society has been described, it can easily be understood why Richard Willoughby was anxious to have his paper discussed, though he had heard only banter and sarcasm instead of useful discussion. He did not fear being rejected because he had made up his mind to try again and again. He knew every member of the club, and had many intimate friends in it; all of whom would out of mischief try to keep him out, solely for the purpose of trying his powers. His ability was undoubted; but it was good fun to vanquish ability; and so they had sent one of their number to learn something about the article he intended to read, so that

they might prepare able arguments for discussion against it.

"Well, did you see him?" was the cry of about six or eight of the members to Henry De Witt when he entered the club.

"Yes."

"Did he tell you the subject of his address?"

"Yes, but what do you think? I found him laughing heartily over Justinian's Institutes, which, you know, is a work that is hardly likely to raise one's laughter."

"Nonsense," said a melancholy-looking man of about thirty-six years of age, named Trueman; "you are always full of your jokes."

"Well, I am now in earnest," replied De Witt. "I assure you I accused him of it, and he said he was laughing at some thought he could not mention, as it concerned a circumstance he had learned by accident; but he had Justinian in his hands, and did not hear me enter the room."

"Come, do not forget to tell us the result of your visit," said a man of about thirty-three, who appeared to be possessed of great mental power; for his massive head and penetrating eyes seemed fitted for dialectical studies. "I am anxious to know, because, in my humble opinion, he will be elected without any successful opposition from us, and it will behove us to prepare ourselves for the contest. Come, what is the subject?"

"Guess," said De Witt.

They all shouted together. One gave politics, another study, another one language, others abstract ideas; in fact, the subjects guessed at were all far from the right. When De Witt had amused himself and them long enough, he drew up his mouth and smiled, glancing around at his friends, saying, "I thought you would not guess his subject, although you know so much about him. Well, as your emissary, I am bound to tell you; in fact, he did not tell me to keep it a secret."

"No!" shouted out Trueman, "he knew you better; he knew you could not."

"Oh!" answered De Witt, "if that is your opinion I am bound to disappoint you; and so, gentlemen, the secret, according to the advice of Trueman, which you have just heard, must not be divulged."

"Oh! nonsense, nonsense," echoed all the party. "Trueman was joking."

"Yes; I was joking," said he.

"No; you were not. I know your curiosity has caused you to be mean enough to utter a falsehood," retorted De Witt.

"Well; do not divulge it," said Trueman, knowing full well that was a certain way to get De Witt to state what they were all longing to hear.

A general roar of derisive laughter met the last reply; but De Witt had made up his mind to tell his friends, especially as he had made no promise. So he said, in a mincing way, as if by uttering the word with suitable action he would be thought

to possess the power he was about to name, "Fascination."

"Fascination," repeated Trueman, and the whole party echoed it.

"An abstract idea after all," said the man with the appearance of a dialectician; "we ought to be able to have some fun out of that. Let one half of us take one side, and one the other, and discuss all he could possibly say upon the subject. Let us adjourn to the World of Thought."

"Do you mean to go to sleep?" said De Witt.

"I know that is what your thinking leads to," replied Trueman.

"I wish mine would," sang out several others.

The appearance of Edgar Adrian here diverted their thoughts to him.

He was at once surrounded by a number of the members, who wanted to know what had become of his shadow.

"My substance, you mean," answered Edgar.

Herbert Waldron and Edgar Adrian always appearing together at the club, one was termed the shadow of the other.

"I left him," he continued, "fully occupied with an an original idea."

"What was it?" several exclaimed.

"We have just heard of one," Trueman said, "that is shortly to be discussed here, and I will tell you what I know about that in exchange for your information."

"What! Do you wish me to divulge a private conversation? No, Waldron shall tell you himself."

"See what I have found," interrupted De Witt.

"What is it?" asked Trueman.

"A pocket book full of literary memoranda. I mean to read its contents at one of our meetings."

"Will its legitimate owner agree to that?" said Adrian.

"There is no name in it," answered De Witt. "I have already glanced over some of it, and I think it is worth listening to."

"Read it," exclaimed several of the members.

Adrian kept silent. He thought that its owner might not appreciate their intention of making its contents public. He told them his opinion at last, but was laughed at by De Witt, who asked him whether he had purposely dropped the pocket book in order to give publicity to some of his philosophical ideas in an original way.

"Oh, no!" answered Adrian, "whenever I wish you to listen to me I shall act according to the usual manner. The pocket book is not mine. If you think I could adopt such a plan for airing my ideas you are wrong. Does it contain any conundrums or poetry?" he continued, "because if so I really think it belongs to you, De Witt."

De Witt quickly replied: "It contains short essays and reflections. Yes, it now certainly belongs to me because I found it, but I have not written any of its contents. Listen to this essay, headed 'Happiness.'"

He then read the following, imitating Adrian's didactic style :—

"In Herschell's astronomy there is a chapter upon the instruments used for observation ; and he explains that, before we begin to observe astronomical phenomena, we should learn their use and formation. This method can be applied to the use of psychology for improving the mental observation. It is perfectly useless to try to understand life unless we understand how thoughts arise. How can a just estimate be formed of it unless we try to comprehend how ideas are created? To illustrate our meaning let us try to define happiness; and we shall perceive that it can be in the possession only of those who reflect upon the results of their own and others' thoughts and actions.

"How often the question, 'What is happiness?' has been asked. How difficult it is to be answered. Why? Because it is a relative idea apparently requiring a separate answer to each inquirer; though, in reality, there is only one road to happiness for all, and of that the majority are unaware. Happiness is to be acquired only by either thinking or working out a purpose that contains benefits to others as well as to ourselves. Emmerson's essay on the 'Uses of Great Men' contains these words :—'Nature seems to exist for the excellent; the world is upheld by the veracity of good men ; they make the earth wholesome ; they who lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet

and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally we manage to live with superiors.'

"After reflecting upon these words it seems possible to acquire happiness from others. Now, is happiness to be acquired from others, or do our own thoughts and actions produce it?

"Seneca says, 'Happy is the man who can choose his occupation.' He is right if the man chooses an occupation to which he is adapted, and which benefits humanity. He could not have supposed that a man can be happy in being occupied in any labour that is detrimental to mankind.

"All abstract ideas are known to be relative ones. No human being ever confers happiness on another, any more than any lasting aid can be rendered to those who cannot assist themselves. The happiness that arises from the association of one mind with another can be sustained only when one is prepared for the happiness. We may temporarily alleviate misery, but we do not entirely dispel it. The lesson of life has to be taught; every individual has to learn it."

"Well, what do you think of that?" exclaimed De Witt, as soon as he finished.

"Excellent," said Trueman. "Read another," he continued.

"What do you say, gentlemen?" said De Witt. "Shall I go on?"

"Certainly," said Adrian, who was now too interested to leave. "The writer's idea is that

happiness is within the reach only of those who think."

"Yes," said Trueman; "happiness is within the reach only of those who think."

"Then you do not understand it, De Witt."

"I have heard that happiness exists in those who do not think; but I shall read no more after that remark," continued De Witt; and with an assumed air of annoyance he put the book into his pocket.

Adrian looked at his watch, and exclaimed, "Dear me, in our search for happiness we have already gone into the small hours of the morning. I must go!"

"And so must I!" was the general rejoinder.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FIRE.

THE day being fine, and Richard Willoughby, wishing to arrange a country walk with his sister, wended his way to Davis Street. He was greeted as usual by a smile and a kiss, which showed him he was a welcome visitor. After a few questions as to her progress in painting, and after cautioning her not to overwork herself, he commenced his perambulation of her room, to re-inspect her paintings, which had an endless charm for him, when he caught sight of the charming portrait she had drawn of herself. He seized hold of it, exclaiming, "Oh! my dear Isabelle, when did you paint this? How charming! how like the original," he exclaimed. "I must have it. Why how did you manage to catch your own expression? 'Tis like life! It really is an admirable portrait."

He continued in this strain for some time, not giving her time to answer his questions, which in reality he would not have heard had she responded to them.

At last, when he was fairly out of breath, she quietly said, "I did it on the same afternoon that you were last here. Do you like it? Why then take it."

"Take it," repeated her brother; "of course I will. I should have stolen it had you not given me permission to take it. I never saw such a likeness. You are indeed an artist, a genius."

"Nonsense, my dear Richard, your enthusiasm outruns your reason."

"Does it? Well, time will show whether I am right or wrong."

He looked at the picture from every point of view, and reiterated his praises at every position he placed it in.

"Well, have you finished with it?" said his sister after the lapse of another five minutes. "Because if you have, we will take our constitutional."

"Come along," responded her brother, looking at her with admiration enough to have delighted a lover instead of a sister. They then walked and talked for about three hours, returning at dusk. After taking possession of his treasure, he bade her adieu, having arranged the country trip to be undertaken in the course of a fortnight. This appointment, however, was delayed, in consequence of an event which took place the same night, and which brought them again together much sooner than either expected.

The lower part of the house in which Isabelle resided was used by a manufacturing stationer, who

did not live upon the premises. The shop was therefore left locked up at night. The proprietor had several machines at work, cutting the paper to the requisite sizes, so that a quantity of paper shavings accumulated on the premises from time to time. He left the establishment to be closed by his foreman, who was in the habit of lighting his pipe in the warehouse before locking up. On this evening, when leaving, a friend came in to see him; and while talking to him he mechanically struck a match and lit his pipe, and threw the match, half consumed, he thought, into the grate. He then closed the door of the warehouse, still continuing the conversation with his friend, and walked away with him.

The match had not been thoroughly extinguished. When thrown into the fireplace it had broken into two pieces; one had reached the fender, the other fell upon the floor among some of the shavings, which were soon in a blaze. The warehouse was filled with paper, as was also the room above. When a fire arises under such conditions, it does not take long to spread.

Isabelle had wished her brother adieu, and had sat down to read; and, becoming interested, continued until she was obliged to light up her room. She then resumed her book, and, after reading for some hours, determined to seek her bed. Whilst reading, she had now and then noticed a whirring noise, which she had attributed to the wind. But now she began to feel an oppressive heat; and

thinking there might be an impending storm, went to the window to look at the sky, when, in glancing at the pavement, she saw, to her horror, smoke issuing from the lower part of the house. She knew the warehouse was locked, and that the floor below her was let to a family where there were several children. In a moment it flashed through her mind that the basement was on fire, and she at once opened the window, screaming "Fire! fire!" and rushed downstairs to the next floor to arouse its occupants. She found that the fire had not yet reached the stairs, and therefore she was able to communicate with them. She had made friends with the children, and thought only of saving them. She had not thought of her own safety for a moment. The children and their parents were quickly dressed; and they then ascended to Isabelle's room. The smoke now began to ascend the stairs. Not a moment was to be lost. Isabelle tried again to call the attention of some one in the street, but, it being early morn, it was quite empty, and no one had yet heard her cries. Her presence of mind did not forsake her; she saw that there were two chances of escape: one from the front, by a ladder, and one by climbing over the edge of a parapet to the next house, which could be done only by having some one to hold them whilst getting from one house to the other, as, without such help, they must fall into the street. The children's parents, being hardly awake, were at first half-dazed, but being

aware of their peril, soon regained their presence of mind. The children were shrieking with fear. Their screams at last aroused the neighbourhood. Not a moment too soon, for the fire had now reached the room beneath, and the heat had become intense. As the flames were now issuing from the lower windows, only one mode of escape remained, and that was over the roof of the next house, which none could reach. They dared not lift the children up to leave them alone; for they were overcome by fright, and would have been certain to fall. The cracking of the wood, the whirring noise of the fire, and the falling of the floors, were maddening to them all. But neither Isabelle nor the children's parents lost their presence of mind. This fact saved them; for the only mode of safety was a perilous one, and it required courage and thought to attempt it, even if assisted. Assistance came at last. Not a moment too early; for the floor was beginning to be burnt through, and the smoke had entered the apartment from the stairs.

Edgar Adrian had left the club and was walking up Davis Street when he saw the fire. Perceiving that the only way to save those imperilled was from the adjoining house, he ran to the door and aroused the inmates. Having no time for explanation he rushed upstairs, and on to the parapet. He found that he could descend into the room from the place where he was; but his attempt would prove useless unless there was somebody to receive those whom he

had determined to save, if possible. He entered into hasty plans with two of the occupants of the house, and then swung himself into the room, part of the coping giving way during his attempt. He had no time for explanation nor choice of whom first to save, so he caught hold of the nearest person, who happened to be Isabelle.

She said, "No, leave me to the last," and pointed to the children, whom he handed quickly out of the window to the coping to those who were waiting to receive them. The parents were then passed up. By that time the heat and smoke in the room had become unbearable; and it seemed as if both Isabelle and Edgar must perish in the flames. Isabelle saw that if she were assisted there would be no time for her intended deliverer to escape, and she therefore motioned to him, for she could not speak, to leave her. Edgar Adrian was not at all likely to listen to her advice; moreover, the heat had overcome him and rendered it impossible to assist either her or himself. They would have both been burnt to death, had not the fire brigade, which had just arrived, placed their ladder to the adjoining house at the side where those rescued had been already taken. Two firemen were let down into the room where Isabelle and Edgar were. One dragged Isabelle out. The other at last managed to get Adrian to the window. A few seconds more, and it would have been too late, for the floor fell in as the fireman lifted Edgar out; in fact, the fireman was in ex-

treme danger, as he had a senseless burden to bear. A shout of encouragement from the crowd below greeted him as he appeared, and stimulated him to increased exertion. He succeeded in gaining the sill, and handed Edgar to another fireman, and was then obliged to follow, all three gliding down the ladder at the same instant. The roof fell in a very few minutes afterwards. The rescued were comfortably housed; and Edgar, soon recovering his senses, walked to the station, after enquiring after those he had saved, and took the train to Sunningdale, to relate his adventure to his friend.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FIRST LOVE AND A REVERIE.

WHEN Edgar returned to Sunningdale he found his friend on the terrace. Herbert, when he saw Edgar's appearance, started, which was not surprising, as the latter had removed none of the traces of his night's, or rather early morning's, adventure. "My dear fellow, what have you been doing? Why you have become quite bronzed since I saw you yesterday." Herbert then carefully examined Edgar's features, and exclaimed: "Your face is actually scorched. Have you been performing as an amateur fireman?"

"You have guessed correctly," Edgar replied.

He then related the affair of the fire, describing in glowing terms the unselfishness of Isabelle Willoughby. When Edgar had finished his description, his friend said: "You have, indeed, had an adventure, and if you have not lost your life I think you have lost your heart."

"Then do you believe in love at first sight?" asked Edgar.

"Under certain circumstances I do," replied his friend.

"What do you mean by certain circumstances?" Edgar asked his friend.

Herbert replied: "If the object be in conformity with the ideal we have formed, love at first sight is not only possible but natural; and if it be the first love, it becomes actual enthralment."

"You are quite enthusiastic in your idea of first love," answered Edgar, who was delighted to get his friend's sympathy.

"Yes, I am," said Herbert.

"Since you acknowledge your enthusiasm on the subject, pray give me your idea of first love," resumed Edgar, "and then I shall perhaps be able to understand the two ideas."

"I perceive you are under the influence of one, perhaps both, already," answered Herbert, "and to humour you I will try to explain my views upon the subject, and therefore I will draw my picture of first love for your edification.

"I think that, of all the pleasurable states of mind that can be conceived, first love is the most exquisite and the most enthralling; and, if allowed to develop according to its natural inclination, it would prove the greatest power in the world to prevent evil. No mean acts or thoughts ever occur when the mind is in the exalted state produced by first love; because the emotions have been aroused by ideas of purity, tenderness, goodness and

beauty. It is a theme endless in its interest to humanity; and it proves that nature has done everything to enlist our sympathies and attract us to its delights, especially in the first dawn of the passion."

"Why, then, should these benefits to humanity be stifled by the calculation of parents, or those who think they have a right to check them?" Edgar asked.

"When first love is reciprocated," Herbert resumed, "the ideas that predominate are invaluable to society, and are sources of the noblest actions. Rare as these coincidences happen, when they do arise the effects can be traced long after the first impressions have been made. Having studied the complexity of the emotions, I think that I am fairly able to understand the reason that first love is so entrancing; and, at the risk of tiring you with my explanation, I must repeat that I think it is so because it always arises from a belief in the existence of the purity of the visible ideal. Let philosophers observe those who are under its dominion, and they will see their actions and thoughts of benevolence extend far beyond the object of their passion. Parents who desire to be the pioneers of humanity, and who wish to leave traces of their wisdom upon it, would do well to encourage the first love of their children. Aimé Marten has written a beautiful book illustrating this. To the student of psychology, the mystery of our emotions is unravelled to a higher degree than to the ordinary observer. To the æsthetic, or refined, love always exerts an unbounded influence, and is directed to the most

ennobling aims. Unselfishness is inculcated in every thought, and would be exerted in the widest sphere, especially if the first love were always reciprocated."

"Exquisite!" exclaimed Edgar. "I have had a lesson. Where did you get your experience?"

"Where do you think?" replied Herbert.

"How should I know?" answered Edgar.

"From the world," Herbert responded.

"I thought it was not by reading," Edgar answered.

Herbert was amused and interested at his friend's earnest, almost excited manner. He saw that he was under the dominion of the power they were discussing; and, knowing his friend's fine character, was aware that his own philosophical ideas were appreciated. He had, therefore, pictured first love from the memory of the past. He had a fatherly as well as friendly love for Edgar; and, noticing that he looked tired, advised him to seek repose.

Edgar willingly assented, being very tired and overwrought from the excitement arising from the peril in which he had lately been placed. He left his friend, who continued his solitary walk on the terrace, and sought his couch. He fell asleep, and was soon dreaming of the events of the last few hours. After dreaming of the fire, his mind became diverted to the subject his friend had lately discussed with him. He awoke and fell into a reverie, in which his ideas were so vividly portrayed that he became impressed by their apparent reality. When he became thoroughly awake, he found he was able to reproduce

his thoughts. He sought his friend, intending to relate them to him.

Edgar and Herbert had developed the ties of friendship from the constant interchange of thoughts. Edgar was therefore certain he would have a patient listener to his vagaries. Directly Herbert, who was still pacing the terrace, saw him, he said: "Well, Edgar, have you been dreaming of love at first sight, or first love?"

"Neither," answered Edgar, "though I have had two dreams since I left you, and I will relate them to you if you care to hear."

"Do," answered his friend.

Edgar, glad to revive his delightful reverie, at once began to relate it. He said—

"I thought that I lay down on a bank in the sunshine, that the world had entirely changed, and every one in it was happy; that care had been driven from it, because humanity had learned to set a value on the right things; and that, therefore, wisdom prevailed. There was no more pain or sorrow. Joy, calm contemplation and benevolence held complete sway over the lives of the people. The very birds appeared to unite with their songs to proclaim the universal happiness.

"How had all this been accomplished? By the emancipation of mind. The order of the day was labour, and rest from labour by mental culture, tending to the general bestowal of benefits on one another. Nature was observed in her varied aspects.

Scientific research occupied the minds of the people; and the wonders of the universe were the constant admiration and theme of humanity. Common benefits were received as blessings, so that universal adoration took the place of petition. Instead of looking forward to future benefits, present ones were considered and received with thankfulness. There was a belief that every word, thought, and act had a result. Consequently, a definite purpose was considered, and harmony prevailed. Misrepresentation had been vanquished. Politics were now considered without party spirit, and the law became, as it had been previously only defined, 'The perfection of reason,' so that 'order gave all things view.'

"Disease had vanished, because the human frame was no longer subject to the vices that had previously dwelt in humanity. The mind being no longer perturbed, care did not affect the body in any but a beneficial way. Despair had been changed to hope and its companion, happiness. Worldly goods were considered as of little value compared to mental culture; consequently, instead of there being the great contrast between the rich and poor, more equality prevailed. Ability was known to be an accidental inheritance, and considered as a gift to be especially exercised in aiding the incompetent.

"Nobility of mind had totally overcome meanness, so that halcyon days beamed forth, energy was rife, and real progress was made upon so gigantic a scale that thought soon became changed from the abstract

to the concrete; and this was embodied in the practical application of theories, all tending to release the world from excess of labour, and thus enabling time to be bestowed in observing natural laws, afterwards turned to the greatest advantage of all. This state of things had arisen because there were no vested interests to oppose benevolent aims. The countenance of humanity, by the encouragement of noble thoughts and acts, now wore a more dignified aspect; and, instead of mean appearance and carriage, there appeared grace of person, combined with beauty of expression. My reverie pictured much more to my mind than I now remember; and, when I awoke to reality, I was so impressed with the ideas which had passed through it, that I felt I had had a foretaste of what was to be."

"How Utopian!" said Herbert. "You must have been dreaming of the millennium."

"Possibly so," answered Edgar.

"The excitement you had recently gone through," Herbert resumed, "and also the first impressions of your heroine," he slyly remarked, "have conspired to arouse your poetical imagination."

"Are you laughing at me?" said Edgar.

"No, indeed," responded his friend. "You have altruistic ideas. I love them, and I think you have given me a lesson in return for the one I gave you on first love."

Edgar laughed heartily, but he felt the truth of his friend's remarks. He had now become anxious to

see again the lady he had tried to save, but would not tell his friend so; but he had determined to take the first opportunity of visiting her.

Herbert proposed that they should now go for a stroll. Edgar assented, and they were soon occupied in admiring the scenery of the surrounding country, and in discussing their favourite altruistic theories.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE ACCIDENT.

THE reflective love the country: the quietude has a charm for them. There is a relief in being sometimes away from the busy world, in a rural district, where the sky, hills, trees, and flowers are the only visible objects. To Herbert and Edgar a country walk was a great pleasure: their congeniality allowed them to discuss their plans together; and the exercise stimulated their imagination.

Waldron's beautiful estate was fully appreciated by both his friend and himself. They spent many happy hours in wandering about it, and in taking long walks in the neighbourhood. They were now so interested in one another's conversation, which, as usual, involved some philosophical question, that they did not hear the sound of approaching wheels. They were at a bend of the road, which perhaps deadened the sound. A mail phaeton, driven by a lady, suddenly turned the corner and overtook them. Before she could check her spirited horses they had run against the two friends. Herbert was knocked down, but out of harm's way. Edgar was not so fortunate; he was run over, the wheels of the phaeton passing over

both his arms. The horses, terrified at the sudden shrieking of their fair driver, and feeling their reins suddenly loosed, endeavoured to quicken their pace; but the coachman succeeded in pulling them in. He turned them round, and drove back to the spot, to see what mischief had been done to the pedestrians.

Edgar lay at the side of the road, helpless, and apparently much injured. His friend, who had been knocked on oneside by the pole of the carriage, was standing over him: he was not injured, but was much alarmed at the state of his friend, who was insensible. This was not the time for explanations of any kind. The lady stepped down from the phaeton, and desired Herbert to help Edgar into the vehicle. This, with the aid of her coachman, was promptly done. She then gave directions to the coachman to drive home. Edgar was aroused from insensibility by the jolting of the carriage, which was being driven at great speed. His groans terrified all of them. When the house was reached, the lady quickly alighted, rushed in, rang the bell, and gave directions for a room to be prepared. Then she returned to the hall, into which the sufferer was being carried. The coachman drove off for the surgeon, who resided about two miles off. When he came he examined Edgar, who was suffering great pain in both arms. The surgeon said that one arm was broken, the other much bruised. The fractured arm was soon set, and the patient was ordered to be kept perfectly quiet.

As soon as Edgar had recovered his senses he said to his friend, "Are you not hurt?"

"Yes, very much indeed," Herbert replied.

"Where? And why are you not being attended to?"

"My dear friend," responded Herbert, "I am injured where you are," pointing, whilst he spoke, to Edgar's arms. Edgar could only smile, the pain there prevented him from speaking.

Herbert thought, as he observed Edgar's contorted features, how easily plans and prospects are changed. Here was an affair of a few moments, which had entirely altered their arrangements, evidently for some time. It might have been much worse, he thought, but it was bad enough. Edgar's groans checked his thoughts; he was suffering great pain, and becoming quite exhausted from it. The doctor had left instructions for a draught to be administered, if Edgar should appear much distressed. So Herbert rang the bell. The lady who was the innocent cause of the accident entered the room, and assisted Herbert to administer the medicine, which soon caused the patient to sleep.

As he lay upon his bed suffering acute pain, his mind became aroused to the situation he was in. A few hours ago, he remembered, he was enjoying health and happiness, and now he was suffering pain and misery. The transition from one to the other had been so sudden that he felt it most acutely. He was, however, determined to try

whether it was possible to control his thoughts, and so divert his mind from the agony he was suffering. Habits of mind are very much like habits of the body on becoming automatic. Unconscious cerebration was perhaps assisting Edgar in his reflections, stimulated by the pain. In this instance he found he was able to divert his thoughts from himself. He pondered over the results of the accident for a short time; it had given him an entirely new experience of life, and enabled him to learn the extent of his friend's tender regard for him. When Herbert thought he was asleep, Edgar perceived he was watching him. He observed Herbert's endeavours to walk about the room without disturbing him, and continually felt his lips moistened by the application of some refreshing liquid. His slightest movement did not escape his friend's attention. Herbert occasionally felt his hand to watch the progress of the fever which had arisen through the inflammation in his broken arm. Herbert's solicitude was more like that of a mother for her child than of one man for another. The tender attention of his friend caused Edgar's mind to dwell upon the sentiments aroused; and he thought that, after all, pain might be as great a power for good as love. For did it not produce, he reflected, pity; and was not that often the forerunner of love?

He reflected, also, that pain might change the disposition of those who suffer, by showing them what unselfishness and self-denial are. He thought it must be a great lever towards producing

pity. Patience, he saw, was also produced by pain. His mind was led to consider how pain is mitigated by charity, it being a necessary opportunity for its display, especially where pain had obtained dominion. He had never before been able to understand that there is any necessity for pain. His knowledge of physiology had made him feel that it was necessary to know when the body was being injured; but he thought some better plan might perhaps have been devised. He now arrived at a different conclusion, for he saw that it could change the disposition and character through the effect of the actions of others upon the mind. He therefore now believed in the utility of pain, both as a preservative of life and as a means for reforming character.

These reflections enabled Edgar to bear the effects of the accident with patience.

He related his reflections to his friend, who agreed with him, and who said that he had discovered the necessity for pain long ago; but he said there arises a still greater necessity for avoiding it, even according to Edgar's own reasoning.

"How is that?" said Edgar.

His friend replied—

"We can assist others when they are in pain, instead of getting the attention bestowed upon ourselves."

The irony was *apropos*, and amused Edgar. He thought that he would endeavour to avoid pain,

though not entirely for the reason his friend had given.

The great care bestowed upon him both by the lady and his friend soon placed him in a fair way to recovery. He was able to leave his bed and walk about the room, his friend being with him night and day—in fact, no amount of persuasion could induce him to leave the sufferer.

Herbert had gone one day, when Edgar was almost recovered, to his own house to fetch some papers which he had to correct and which he intended to read at the World of Thought. Edgar was left alone. There was a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," Edgar said.

Miss Raymond entered, and going up to the sofa, said, "I think now it is time I asked your forgiveness for the great injury and pain I have caused you."

Edgar smiled and replied: "I think it is I who have to apologise for the immense amount of trouble I have given you during my recovery from the accident. The fault was mine in not getting out of your way, but the fact is my friend and I were so interested in our conversation that we did not hear the sound of your carriage wheels."

"It is very kind of you to make an excuse for me, but I have been reproaching myself ever since, I assure you."

Edgar laughed and said: "Now that you have admitted it was not done purposely I forgive you, and now I have to thank you for your delicate care and

attention. In fact, I hardly know whether it would not be perhaps the truth to state that the accident has been a source of happiness to me. Has it not proved the thoughtfulness and kindness in woman, and the friendship of my companion, who was also nearly run over?"

"Yes," replied Miss Raymond, "it certainly has proved the friendship of Mr. Waldron for you, for he has nursed you night and day, and at one time you were rather difficult to manage, you used to scream out 'Fire! Fire! let me save her.' I thought you must be a fireman, and that you had lately attended a fire."

"So I had."

Miss Raymond said: "I thought so; tell me about it."

Edgar then related the affair, carefully omitting the part he took in assisting to save life. His nature was not one to exaggerate his own courage.

Miss Raymond was interested, especially when she heard that there was a lady saved whom he had not seen since the fire.

By this time Herbert had returned, and their conversation was interrupted; but Miss Raymond was determined she would learn more about the matter, and took the first opportunity of asking his friend. He could state only bare facts, as Edgar had not mentioned to him the courageous part he had taken. The full account of the affair was, however, given in a weekly paper.

Miss Raymond was full of it, as she perceived that Edgar possessed not only courage, but a particular kind of modesty always agreeable to a lady to find in a man. It is a quality that may be compared to the polish of steel, giving a lustre to power. The danger Edgar had passed through first aroused a sentiment of pity; and his manners and appearance, combined with her knowledge of his courage, made a deeper impression. She found herself continually thinking of him, and anxious to be with him; but she was obliged to control herself, as she thought that her presence might not be always desired, as the friends evidently wished to be alone, and her services were not actually required. She, however, made excuses to herself to visit the invalid during his convalescence, and gradually introduced her friends, one of whom was a clergyman, the Rev Henry Knowles, and another, a Mrs. Courthope, who was on a visit to her, and who had been a very old friend of the family. Mrs. Courthope was very much struck with the friends; and their ideas made a great impression upon her. She had long desired to place her fortune in the hands of those who would help her to carry out her plans for assisting ladies who had lost their fortunes, and who were unable to earn their own livelihood; and she believed the friends could help her

She explained the subject which had interested her to both the friends; and they were delighted with her benevolent views and aims. She asked them to visit her house when Edgar recovered, to discuss

and arrange the matter; and they both promised to take the first opportunity of doing so. Herbert also had a plan of his own to work out; but that did not hinder his assisting anyone who he saw was in earnest to assist humanity.

Miss Raymond was glad to have the opportunity to introduce Mr. Knowles, the clergyman of the adjacent church, as she thought it would cement a friendship which would enable her to visit Edgar after his recovery. So one day she said to him—

"My friend Mr. Knowles would like to have a chat with you. May I bring him in?"

He said: "Any of your friends must, of course, be welcome—and in your own house, too."

Miss Raymond replied: "Then I will go and fetch him."

She soon returned with him. They had a long philosophical conversation; and before he left Herbert and Edgar promised to go to his church to hear him preach as soon as Edgar was able to leave his room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A TIME SERVER.

THE father of Adelaide Raymond was a promoter of companies; and his profession had lately brought him into contact with a number of inventors who wished to dispose of their patents, or required capital to carry out their inventions. The inventor is frequently a man struggling for existence. Mr. Ralph Raymond knew how to deal with him; and had the assistance of a legal friend, a Mr. Clack, who prevented him from making mistakes that would have brought him under the eye of the law. He appeared to take a great interest in those who came to him upon business, and listened attentively to their statements.

When men possessed of ability are mean and grasping, they invariably become time-servers. They often get into position, and make money by fawning and cringing to those who they find have both the means and the intention of forwarding their interests. They know how to appear very thankful for a small benefit, and how to act in order to procure more valu-

able ones. The generous aid the time-servers, who seek for generosity as men search for diamonds. They know how to behave to a generous man to induce him to render them great assistance. To those from whom they expect benefits time-servers are honey; to those from whom they expect nothing they are vinegar. Observers of human nature will distinguish them by one series of sounds. To hear them laugh is instructive, though not agreeable. There is no melody in their laugh; it is manifestly insincere; it sounds like the rushing of wind through a grating. Like the rush of air that precedes the storm, it is a warning to humanity, and should be carefully attended to. Why do we laugh? For one of three reasons. Because we are pleased; because we wish to please, or because we wish to deceive. Now the laugh to deceive is not deceptive. Ralph Raymond's laugh was such as we have described. He pursed his lips, shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows, lifted his hands; in fact, performed all sorts of actions to impress upon people his earnestness and his interest in them. But he never afforded substantial assistance, either directly or indirectly, unless some adequate service could be returned. He was most energetic and prompt in all business matters. When at a funeral he always appeared very sad and solemn, and was attired in the deepest of mourning; he looked the very picture of grief; and, in one or two instances, he had been known to shed tears. The reason, though, was afterwards discovered to

have been that his name had been omitted from the will, so that they were tears of real sorrow. Now that he knew people in a better position he was full of airs of importance, and tried to assume the manners of a patron; but when in society he appeared overawed. He suffered dreadfully under some circumstances, when he was not taken notice of. The man whom Ralph Raymond obliged, or who thought himself obliged, was made his tool, and was engaged by him on business which he thought was a little too mean for himself to perform.

To a time-server ability is decidedly necessary—ability in overcoming sympathy; for to be able to make stepping-stones of people is not to take compassion. To run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds, to be able to drop those who have been useful when they are no longer capable, augur an ability to take the next step, by looking for someone else who can further our interests. Sympathy burdens the mind; it is an impediment to worldly progress; if power is to be gained it must be from the powerful. Hence arises the necessity of avoiding those who we perceive cannot assist us. If we wish to make progress we must assist those who can make ample returns for the labour we bestow.

The time-server must continually seek fresh fields and pastures new. Educated people are the best time-servers, because they are capable of rendering themselves both agreeable and useful to those in power.

To trace the life of the time-server is amusing. Flattery is not the only coin needed; it is necessary, of course, to have a knowledge of the weak points of humanity and often to countenance some of its amiable vices.

The worst feature in the character of the time-server is that, when he has attained eminence, he is useless to society. For, if a legislator, he is sure to attempt to make bad law; if a physician, he will not perform rapid cures; if a clergyman, he will show but little consideration for the poor; if an employer, he will not seek to ameliorate the poverty of those who earn but little. Few characters are worse than that of the time-server. Without committing actual vice, he teaches meanness and selfishness; and is the chief cause of many becoming cynics and pessimists. Time-servers are rare; for to deaden our sympathies is fortunately very difficult. Humanity presents so many opportunities for the exercise of sympathy that it is a temptation to become pitiful. The time-server is, however, pitiless; his interests, his professional career, his aims, cannot be checked by sentiment; he cannot afford his prospects to be endangered. "So farewell to the last stepping stone, I must leave you behind; I have need of the next to help me on my way," is the mental ejaculation he often reiterates. Nature, however, works her own cure; for when two of these humbugs meet they cause no end of annoyance to one another. Angry recriminations are indulged in between them; actions

by both of them are recounted; and the world is enlightened as to how far mean thoughts and actions can be made to operate upon society.

Ralph Raymond was secretary to a society for aiding distressed gentlewomen; and it was in this capacity he had become acquainted with Mrs. Courthope, his daughter's friend and confidante. His position as secretary to this society gave him many an opportunity for dealing with generous minds and for procuring for himself benefits which were apparently solicited for others. His plan was to invite to his country house those whom he knew to be rich, and to treat them with unbounded hospitality.

His daughter enjoyed carrying out her father's plans; she had an ardent love for plotting and scheming. It was but natural that the daughter of such a father should inherit some of his bad qualities as well as his ability. He had made every enquiry about the sufferer from the accident, and had satisfied himself that both Edgar Adrian and his friend Herbert Waldron were worthy of his daughter's attention. He therefore impressed upon Adelaide the necessity of persuading Edgar to remain under his roof until he should be in a fit state to remove to Sunningdale, which was a distance of only seven miles. The daughter was but too glad to enter into her father's plans for delaying Edgar's departure.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE WORLD S REVENGE UPON SOCIETY.

THE day at last arrived for Richard Willoughby to read his paper at the World of Thought. The members of the club, having been informed by De Witt that the paper was to be upon Fascination, had prepared every argument that they could think of to enable them to combat his propositions. Richard Willoughby, however, soon undeceived them, and showed them that they had wasted their time. He commenced in a firm tone, slightly tinged with sarcasm, saying: "I suppose, gentlemen, it would be only courtesy for me to state before I begin, that, since I received your deputy, I have abandoned the idea of addressing you upon the subject of Fascination. Although it appeared interesting to Mr. De Witt, I thought the subject might be considered too trivial to read before so learned a society. Therefore forgive my innocent deception; for, as I desire to become elected a member of your society, I could not willingly have all its talent arrayed against me by giving you too much time to consider the subject."

These remarks were met with roars of laughter and cheers from the whole assembly, as they all felt that they had been deservedly misled.

When the applause had subsided, he resumed: "Gentlemen, I have chosen a subject which I know will at least have your consideration, if it should not enable me to become a member. I have entitled my paper 'The Revenge of the World upon Society.' I think that, in consequence of the neglect and wilful cruelty that have been practised by society upon those who possess less advantages in respect to position, wealth, or intelligence, the sufferers are returning, not always consciously, evils as great, perhaps, as those inflicted upon themselves. If you will bear with me for a short time, I will endeavour to show that there are remedies at hand which will not only cause the revenge to be turned to sympathy, but will also ameliorate the sufferings of those who are deliberately or unconsciously injuring society. By society I mean those who are placed in power, and who possess wealth and the means of choosing their own occupation or amusement.

"Now, gentlemen, before a physician attempts to cure a disease he strives to diagnose it; and I will, if you please, in a similar manner endeavour to diagnose the cause of the evil. Society is at this moment suffering from the ignorance, meanness, idleness and disease of the classes who have been wilfully neglected to this present time, and who are considered by the greater portion of society as belonging to a

different order of human beings, to be kept in subjection and ignorance, and not to be allowed to participate in the benefits which are derived from their labour.

"Ever since man became aware that thought guides action, selfishness seems to have prompted him to use his power to oppose those who could not think, for the sole purpose of reaping all the benefits to himself. The thinkers, therefore, who are in power have determined to keep the workers ignorant; and, to enable them to do so, have imposed so much labour upon them as to render them unable to use their brains after their work is over. This has been well expressed in a prayer which appears in Bailey's 'Festus,' and which I would read if it would not occupy too much of your time."

"Read, read!" shouted the whole assembly.

Willoughby then turned to the book he had brought with him, and read the following in a very impressive manner:

"*Prayer for Human Welfare, by Lightening Labour and Improving the Mind.*

"Grant us, all-maintaining Sire!
That all the great mechanic aids to toil
Man's skill hath formed, found, rendered, whether used
In multiplying works of mind, or aught
To obviate the thousand wants of life,
May much avail to human welfare now;
And in all ages henceforth and for ever.
Let their effect be, Lord! to lighten labour.

And give more room to mind; and leave the poor
Some time for self-improvement. Let these not
Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms
For bread, but have some space to think and feel
Like moral and immortal creatures. God!
Have mercy on them till such time shall come;
Look Thou with pity on all lesser crimes,
Thrust on men almost when devoured by want,
Wretchedness, ignorance, and outcast life.
Have mercy on the rich, too, who pass by
The means they hold at hand to fill their minds
With serviceable knowledge for themselves
And fellows; and support not the good cause
Of the world's better future. Oh, reward
All such who do, with peace of heart and power
For greater good!"

When he had finished reading the quotation the applause was loud and prolonged. He waited until it subsided, and then he resumed his address, saying:—

"Of course, I have taken the prayer only to illustrate my ideas and sentiments. I wish only to stimulate your noble altruistic endeavours, though you might consider my subject as treated in such a manner as to render me unworthy of being elected a member of your society. However, to proceed, I maintain that the habits, the passions, the manners of society are affected by those who are scorned.

"To prove the fact, I will first state that nurses, and governesses, who have the care of children, often

teach habits which have to be unlearned, and often cause by their ignorance disease and produce malformation in their youthful charges. If children are trained by those who are incapable, the generation to which they belong must be affected by it.

"One great stumbling block to the cure of the disease is the cant that pervades society upon the subject of poor people. When they pretend to assist them, they pauperize them. They do not seek to teach them to respect themselves, as they know that it would end in their throwing off the yoke. This half-hearted aid renders the poor poorer, and the ignorant more averse to learn.

"Now, gentlemen, I have stated the disease and its symptoms: now for its cure. The time has come to determine the best method for ameliorating the miseries of the poor and of the ignorant. There are board schools at which children are instructed; but, after the daily instruction, the children go back to the ignorance and misery of their homes, so that the few hours at school are of no avail against the influence of their miserable homes. I maintain that the parents also have to be dealt with. I would commence by having sanitary rules printed for the children to take home with them, and by having the parents visited by officers of the School Board, who should explain that the education given to the children should be aided by attention to cleanliness and other habits which conduce to their progress, comfort, and well being. This might be effected also

by the formation of clubs for parents who send their children to the board schools. At these clubs the parents should hear carefully-worded addresses imploring them not to check the education their children receive at the board school. This would help the ignorant, who are too old to go to school, to assist the nation in hastening the education of the children. Otherwise, the attempted education of the masses will be of little or no avail; misery will increase; for they will learn how to desire without knowing how to acquire. Refined ideas might be debated with the parents, which would cause learning to be supplemented by education of another description. Gentlemen, I must not take up any more of your time. I only hope that, if my paper has not been considered good enough to entitle me to become a member of your club, it may at least give you some impetus to consider the matter I have striven to arouse your sympathy upon."

When Richard Willoughby had resumed his seat there was general applause and cheering.

The Chairman then put the usual question to the members: Whether or not Mr. Richard Willoughby was to be elected?

It was evident that Richard Willoughby's address would cause his being elected without any discussion. The Chairman rose, and asked the members for their decision. They unanimously concurred in electing Richard Willoughby a member of the World of Thought. After the election, De Witt went up to

him, and said, "After all, you have practised your fascination upon us."

"No," Willoughby replied, "you and your friends have shown your fascinating powers by your consideration in admitting me as a member of your society."

## CHAPTER X.

### A PORTRAIT.

BEFORE Richard Willoughby was out of bed the following morning he was aroused by the sound of voices, which he recognised as belonging to some of the members of the club. He was at a loss to understand why they should pay him so early a visit. They came to his bedroom door and began to compliment him on his address.

"Nonsense, Trueman," said De Witt, who had brought the information to the members that Willoughby was about to read an article on Fascination, "do not compliment him; rather let us punish him for his deception."

Willoughby laughed heartily, and so did they all, including the last speaker, who continued by saying: "Willoughby, my boy, where did you get the portrait of the lady which is adorning the wall of your study?"

"Yes, tell us, where did you get that portrait?" echoed all of them.

"From the artist who drew it," replied Richard.

"Is the artist a man or a woman?" asked De Witt.

"A woman."

"Oh!" replied he, "you have not only written an article on Fascination, but, it appears, you have been going in for it with a vengeance. One more question —is that the portrait of the artist herself?"

"It is."

There was a general rush back to his study to look again at the portrait. Richard was very delighted with the effect the picture had upon his friends, for they were all men of taste and able to recognise artistic merit, and they were types of the educated world. He knew that if they admired it he was not wrong in doing so. He quietly turned out of bed, put on his slippers and dressing gown, and joined his friends.

"What a picture! What a beautiful face! Are you her accepted lover?" said De Witt.

"No," he replied, with a laugh, in which they all joined, as they were amused at the cross-questioning of De Witt.

"Introduce us to her," was the general cry

"Very well, I will, with the greatest pleasure, upon the very first opportunity."

Richard then related to them the escape of his sister from the fire, and mentioned his anxiety to find out the man who had assisted to save her.

De Witt said, "Now, in return for your information about the portrait, I can give you the very information you are seeking. The man who saved your sister is named Edgar Adrian, and he has been remaining in the country ever since, having been

knocked down by a carriage and had his arm broken. I am sure he would have paid your sister a visit, to see if she had sustained any injuries, had he been able to come to town."

"Can you give me his address?" said Richard.

"I can give you the name of the country seat he is at. In fact, he is at the house of the lady who drove over him."

"I thank you; I will at once go down to see him."

"We are to have another meeting at the World of Thought to discuss your subject," said De Witt. "It is of no use asking you whether or not you are prepared to abide by your utopian ideas, as you appear to have made up your mind that you have a panacea for the miseries of the world. In fact, you might now start off on a pilgrimage, and have embroidered on your banner a motto illustrating the power of love for humanity over education and refinement."

"Your irony will not deter me from supporting my proposition when necessary," replied Richard.

"I did not think my remarks would," replied De Witt.

"I am not a Socialist. I do not believe that equality can ever prevail: nature has arranged otherwise. Humanity must occupy different positions to be able to assist one another; and, therefore, one must be above the other like the links of a chain. To carry the metaphor a step further, benevolent feeling should be the current that should run through

it, utilizing its force not to weaken but to strengthen. The chain can be considered as strong only as the portion that is weakest, and thus it exhibits the state of society, and so should society, I think, be determined. Therefore the strain should never be great enough to break it. Sympathy is the only power to strengthen it."

"What a philosopher you are!" said Trueman.

"What a critic you are!" replied Richard.

"Come, come, no quarrelling with him, or he will, perhaps, not introduce you to the lady artist," said several of their friends.

"No, you are right; if you are too severe on me, I will not," laughingly replied Richard.

After chatting and joking for about two hours, his friends left him, and he quickly dressed himself and went to his sister to inform her of what he had learnt of her deliverer.

He found her still suffering from the nervous shock she had sustained from the dreadful peril in which she had been placed, but thankful at having been so fortunately rescued.

Richard said to her: "I intend going to see your rescuer; what shall I say to him?"

Isabelle did not reply.

"Well, my dear sister, have you no message to the man who nobly risked his own life to save yours?"

Isabelle replied, "I have no message to send."

She was possessed of too much delicacy of mind to

send a message that could be construed into an invitation for him to come to see her.

Her brother understood her dilemma and said to her, "You need send no message; it is my duty to go personally to thank him; and, as he is a member of the World of Thought, I can easily speak to him without any other introduction."

Isabelle was quite satisfied that her brother would not deliver any message that would compromise her maidenly reserve.

"It was a fortunate thing you allowed me to have your portrait," Richard said; "especially as the original had so narrow an escape of losing her life. It hardly bears thinking about. I have already had invitations from about eight persons to introduce them to the original of your portrait, even before I was out of bed this morning."

Isabelle blushed, and said in a tremulous voice, "Pray do not introduce me as the artist who has drawn her own portrait; I should die of shame to have my vanity so exposed."

"Oh! then my sister thinks the beauty of the portrait is not an exaggeration?"

"No, I do not think the portrait is an exaggeration. I endeavoured to draw my own face, but as a study from life, not to meet the public gaze and to be considered as beautiful. You would have it, or it would have remained in my room."

"Yes; to be destroyed with your other beautiful pictures," replied her brother.

"I do deplore the loss of my paintings very much," responded Isabelle; "they were such sweet memories of country walks."

"Never mind; I shall return you some of those you gave me," answered her brother.

"I will paint some more directly I get into working order."

Having satisfied himself of his sister's health and spirits, he prepared to go, saying, "I will now go to my club to learn some particulars of the best way to go to see your rescuer."

## CHAPTER XI.

### A SERMON.

EDGAR ADRIAN and his friend, Herbert Waldron, in accordance with their promise to the Rev. Henry Knowles, drove to the church the following Sunday, Edgar being still too weak to walk a great distance. As he was being helped out of the carriage, he said to Herbert, "This is a new epoch for us, to enter a building for the purpose of hearing a sermon."

"Yes," Herbert replied; "but I should not be surprised if Mr. Knowles should preach a philosophical sermon for our edification."

Herbert had divined correctly. After the prayers had been read, he commenced in an impressive voice, which attracted the attention of his congregation, and especially of the two friends. "The text of my sermon will be found in Proverbs, chap. 23, verse 4: 'Labour not to become rich; cease from thine own wisdom.' I wish you to consider the text of my sermon from points of view that may not have previously oc-

curred to your minds. It may appear useless to labour, if not to become rich; but I believe that I may be able to produce arguments that will prove to you the justness of the text, 'Labour not to become rich.' Now, I wish you to remember three propositions, which, I think, show that labouring to become rich is an error. The first is, that disappointment may follow; the second, that temptation often arises; and the third, that in many cases no benefits accrue to humanity. Now, to take the first proposition, that to labour to become rich often entails disappointment. Surely, my dear brethren, I need not dwell much upon that to prove to you that it is so; for do we not know that, among our own private circles, there are but very few who consider that they get adequate results for their daily labour; and that, after many years of occupation, when we have become old and unable to work, we have just enough to support ourselves and our families. After all our labour the goal is not reached; it is as far off as ever. Labour, therefore, should be effected with a desire to scatter benefits around us for those that we receive in common. It is true there is much mental training required before we can enjoy common benefits; the particular or relative ones appear to have the most attraction, though of the least value. The mind must become accustomed to reflect upon the effect of the phenomena of nature upon us, before we can appreciate the blessings that surround us. The first step to take is to try to

acquire some knowledge of any one of the definite sciences. It will cause us to pay attention, to observe, and reflect, three distinct operations of the mind, each one of which will increase the enjoyment of life, supplying us with definite work, even in our leisure, and showing us the vanity of desiring other riches than those we already possess.

"Now, my dear brethren, let me take the second proposition, which is of greater importance than the first. The first appears distressing enough; but it is in my second proposition that I seek to prove that to work to become rich is not only an error, but a vice; because the temptations to do evil for the purpose of acquiring riches are both frequent and great. The sole consideration is that the acquisition of riches must be accomplished under any circumstances, and thus wickedness is the result. I need not cite any instances; there must be many present themselves to those who are here, which I hope will enlist in your minds the favourable consideration of my second proposition. It is but rarely possible that one can become rich, except at the expense of the health, the lives, or the fortunes of others. In nearly all cases of speculation, there must be many sufferers to make up the fortunes of the successful speculators.

"This argument brings me to the third proposition. If you are of opinion that, in labouring to become rich, self is so prominently brought to the front, that humanity cannot be considered, then the world

suffers from the actions of those who are labouring to become rich. If, my dear brethren, on the contrary, we take a pleasure in our daily labour for the reasons I assigned when explaining my first proposition, we are seeking as much to benefit others as to benefit ourselves. It must, therefore, be evident to your minds that justice, consideration, and the desire to assist, combine to give a zest to work. We can then rest from our labour without feeling the anxiety of disappointment, the misery of temptation, or the canker of selfishness. I hope, my dear brethren, that you will allow your minds to dwell upon what I have tried to explain to you."

The prayer being concluded, the congregration wended their way home. As Edgar, his friend, and Miss Raymond drove back in the carriage, the sermon was, of course, the topic of conversation.

"What did you think of it?" said Miss Raymond. "I think it was very good indeed, because it satisfied both the rich and the poor of his congregation."

"Explain yourself, Miss Raymond," said Herbert; "you speak enigmatically."

"I mean to say," replied Miss Raymond, "that, to advise people to labour not to become rich prevents those from trying who might tread upon the toes and interfere with the privileges of those who are already wealthy; and it also consoles those who perceive that to them it is impossible to become rich; therefore they also must have been comforted in hearing it proved

that to labour to become rich was disappointing, selfish, in fact wicked."

"Then I suppose," Edgar enquired, "you think he was wrong in advising them not to strive after riches."

"I do," replied Miss Raymond; "my father has satisfied me that without wealth life is unendurable. As a promoter of companies, he has been able to observe how anxious the world is for wealth, and he has impressed me with the necessity of possessing it."

Edgar knew that her father was entirely absorbed in making money, and that he had a partner who assisted him in developing his financial schemes. Mr. Raymond had lately floated a Company called the General Patents Company, on the doings of which there was a great deal of comment, as the shares had lately risen very high in the market. Miss Raymond's father had endeavoured to get Edgar and Herbert to invest in the shares, but they had refused, both being undesirous of joining any company. Mr. Raymond had asked them to allow themselves to be placed on the list of directors, promising to get them a good remuneration for their services. They refused, stating that they knew nothing of business, and that they therefore considered it mean to allow themselves to delude people to join a company managed by incompetent men. He laughed at their scruples. His sneers were of no avail: they firmly resisted his persuasion, though it was joined by the solicitations of his daughter, who only exhibited her disposition in

its true light, and quite annihilated her chance of Edgar's love, who admired her literary ability, but was disgusted with her love for position. He saw the reason that she wrote in the sensational style she had adopted, and was determined to give her the benefit of his opinions upon the first opportunity. Miss Raymond was so carried away by her passion for Edgar, that she was not at all aware how he had read her character through the advice she had proffered in relation to the General Patents Company.

She thought a fortunate accident had given her just such a lover as her ardent imagination had pictured. She was, however, to be disappointed. She knew his bravery, and felt convinced that his continued association with the woman whom he had assisted to save would naturally end in their falling in love with one another. The opportunity she had had of seeing Edgar after his recovery from the accident had only increased her love; and his image pervaded her thoughts night and day to such an extent that it prevented her from finishing her book. Her publisher had written again and again; he only received the reply, "Not yet ready." Her books were in great demand. Her imagination was vivid; her language was forcible; her style was original; and these points made her books attractive. They had great faults in them; faults which should have prevented their being so widely read. She did not depict men and women as they were, nor

did she suggest in her writings what they really should be; she wrote simply to amuse, and, though she did not miss her aim, she failed to improve her readers. She gave them luxurious tastes and unhealthy desires. The world of fashion was described, and made to appear in too glowing colours; and she set too great a value upon wealth and worldly possessions. She also allowed appearance to be of more importance than principle, and she generally permitted her plot to end in some dreadful way. There was no philosophy in her books, but much love and frivolous sentiment. In fact, her ideas prevented her readers, when uneducated, from understanding the right way of estimating life. Edgar had read one of her books, and thoroughly understood her disposition and character. He could not help noticing her growing affection for himself, and was grieved at it. It caused him to quit her house perhaps sooner than he might have done. Although he admired her literary powers, and was grateful for her attention, love for her had not entered his mind. He had, it is true, some other attraction; but it had not then assumed such proportions as to render it incapable of being supplanted by another.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE RIVALS.

EDGAR was looking forward to his departure from Mr. Raymond's : he was anxious to visit the lady he had tried to save, but his visit to her was forestalled. Richard Willoughby wrote to him, expressing a desire to see him and thank him for the risk he had incurred on account of Isabelle. Edgar mentioned this to Miss Raymond, who invited both the brother and sister.

Miss Raymond instructed the servants to inform her of their arrival before introducing them to Edgar. When Isabelle and her brother were announced, they were ushered into the drawing-room ; and when Richard Willoughby sent his card to Edgar, Miss Raymond at once came to receive them. She instructed the servant to show Richard Willoughby to Edgar's room, leaving her alone with Isabelle. She was anxious to speak to Isabelle by herself before her interview with Edgar Adrian, so that she might use her opportunity for checking any display of feeling upon Isabelle's part towards Edgar

Adrian. She had arranged in her own mind the part she intended to play; she was determined to tell Isabelle her passion for Edgar Adrian to establish a prior claim to his love. There is only one being in this world who thoroughly understands a woman, and that being is a woman. She knows her sex, and the extent of determination, plotting, self-denial, and suffering a woman is capable of where love is the object. Miss Raymond was ready to adopt any means to obtain Edgar's love, even if she had to resort to the grossest treachery. She was anxious to know whether there was any danger of finding a rival in Isabelle. She knew from Edgar's own lips that Isabelle had made a great impression on him by her unselfish action and presence of mind on the night of the fire; and she was aware that, although she had bestowed the most tender attention upon Edgar since his accident, his thoughts had been with Isabelle. She had heard him call upon her in his delirium; and the conversation she had heard between the two friends made her afraid that unless she immediately adopted some stratagem, Edgar might soon become Isabelle's accepted lover. Her mind was made up, and she commenced her operations accordingly.

Isabelle filled her with misapprehension; for she perceived that Isabelle's beauty, grace, and mental qualifications were quite equal, if not superior, to her own. Her romantic disposition, trained, as it had been, by her occupation as an authoress, enabled her

to conceive her plans with great art and readiness. She invited Isabelle into the garden; and, after walking about with her, she dropped into a seat, inviting Isabelle to seat herself beside her. She then commenced by saying, "So you are the lady that Mr. Adrian saved. I suppose you must admire him very much for his bravery."

Isabelle did not like the manner in which Miss Raymond questioned her. Of course she did not then suspect for one instant that her companion was in love with Edgar; but she was, nevertheless, upon her guard, in consequence of Miss Raymond's tone. She therefore replied, "Certainly, I admire Mr. Adrian's bravery. Do you not think it worthy of admiration?"

"Yes! I certainly do," answered Miss Raymond, who then asked her whether she had sustained any evil results from the effects of the fire, which she thought must have been so terrible.

"It was terrible, indeed, and it affected my nerves for a long time; but fortunately I received no injury; and as no lives were lost it has been an extraordinary experience, and has caused me to be very thankful at having my life spared."

Miss Raymond made her relate all the circumstances, and then she thought she would tell her about the accident. After entering into full particulars about it, she said, "Since the accident I have nursed Mr. Adrian, read to him, and have also acted as his amanuensis, whenever his friend

was absent. In fact," she continued, "I have devoted myself entirely to him, especially as I was the cause of it." She continued talking about him for more than a quarter of an hour. When she thought she had inspired some confidence in Isabelle, she wound up by asking her in a confidential tone whether it was surprising that under the circumstances she should have fallen in love with her patient.

Isabelle was taken by surprise at the question, put after an acquaintance of about twenty minutes; but she replied by saying, "I do not know."

"I believe he would run himself into danger to save anybody's life," Miss Raymond then said. Her idea was to cause Isabelle to think that Edgar's bravery was not displayed especially for her benefit. She need not have taken that trouble, as Isabelle well knew that Edgar's bravery must be one of his characteristics, as he was unknown to her previous to the fire. Miss Raymond then repeated that since the accident she had spent hour after hour with him; and she told Isabelle how she admired his patience under suffering. She carefully omitted, however, that Isabelle had been the object of his delirium.

Isabelle was of an unsuspicious disposition; and her acquaintance with Edgar Adrian was of too slight a nature for her to be much interested in Miss Raymond's conversation. She had, of course, often thought of her rescuer, and was glad to have an opportunity of seeing him again. She had now received sufficient information to cause her to check any feelings but

those of gratitude for his aid, and admiration for his bravery. She was, therefore, about to thank a man who had saved her life, but who was engaged to another.

Miss Raymond had now performed the first part of her plan. It was easier for her to proceed; but she knew that she must wait to see how she would have to act at the next interview between Edgar and Isabelle, at which she was determined to be present.

It was now time to take Isabelle to see Edgar, so she said to her, "Let us go in. Perhaps Mr. Adrian would like to see you; he has been quite long enough alone with your brother."

Adelaide then took her back into the house and up to Edgar's room, tapped at the door, saying, as she entered, "I have brought you another visitor." She went direct to his chair and arranged his pillow, to show Isabelle that she had not stated anything but facts when she mentioned her attention to Mr. Adrian.

Her statements were literally true. Adelaide was really in love with Edgar, and had paid great attention to him; but he was, nevertheless, not in love with her. He was a victim to love at first sight.

Edgar held out his hand to Isabelle, who took it, saying that she was very sorry indeed to find her rescuer had met with an accident.

Miss Raymond interrupted his reply to Isabelle by saying, "Oh, it was all my fault. I have already

told Miss Willoughby so. I have endeavoured to make some amends for it, and I still will endeavour to do more." These remarks, of course, called forth Edgar's thanks.

She thought by the last few words that she would prove to Isabelle that she was engaged to Edgar. They had the desired effect. Isabelle was constrained in consequence.

Edgar, however, thought that her manner was faultless, and was quite charmed with her beauty. His first impressions were strengthened.

After a few minutes conversation, Miss Raymond said, "Now we must leave the patient to rest himself," and, wishing to give Edgar time to contradict her, opened the door, beckoning Isabelle and her brother to follow. Isabelle shook hands with Edgar mechanically, and obeyed, quite heedless of Edgar's remonstrances. Miss Raymond then took her to the drawing-room, and said, "It would not do to allow Mr. Adrian to endure the fatigue of talking too much or seeing too many visitors at present." Isabelle silently assented.

Her brother, who had been a quiet observer throughout, now proposed they should return. He was unable to understand his sister's taciturn manner, and he attributed it to her sorrow at finding that her deliverer had been suffering.

"Isabelle," he said, "Mr. Adrian has asked me to bring him with me to see you, and I have promised to do so."

"My dear brother," she replied, "you should have asked my permission before you promised to do so."

"Why, I thought you would be glad to see your rescuer again," her brother said.

"I am not so sure of that," Isabelle replied.

Richard made no reply; but he thought that his sister must be unaware of the interest she had awakened in Edgar Adrian's mind.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### WHAT IS PRAYER?

A WEEK had elapsed since Edgar had returned to Sunningdale, and he now thought he ought to pay a visit to Miss Raymond.

He found her writing in her note book. "I am sorry to disturb your literary work," he said.

"I am very pleased to see you," she replied; "you appear to be getting some colour in your cheeks now."

"You must be very desirous of knowing whether or not your literary productions will be appreciated," he said, wishing to check her personal remarks by a reference to her own occupation.

"Do you think so?" responded Miss Raymond.

"Yes, I do," said Edgar, and he continued, "It occurs to my mind that, when so much thought has been expended, and so much labour bestowed, you must be quite anxious about the result."

"I assure you that I am not," she answered.

"I should like to hear how that can be," Edgar said.

Miss Raymond replied, "I am afraid it will be exposing my vanity. No," she resumed, correcting herself, "I do not mean that. On the contrary, my explanation will, I think, prove to you that an author may write without exhibiting any vanity."

After a moment's reflection, Edgar suggested that some authors must be actuated to write by very different motives.

"Well," responded Miss Raymond, "I think that those who write books are generally so interested in their work that they become quite enthusiastic about it, and require no other incentive to write than the pleasure they obtain whilst engaged on their book. Their imagination sustains their efforts, because if it be a vivid one the plot is often unravelled by unconscious cerebration, which makes it novel even to them."

"Yes, I know the action of the mind in an automatic manner is considered to be a great aid. Physiology partially explains the matter, and the study of psychology further explains it; but I was not aware you studied so deep," said Edgar, who was now becoming interested.

Miss Raymond, who was anxious to display her knowledge to the man to whom she had become attached, was glad to receive any appreciative compliment, so she said, "I have found out by practice that, if I reflect on the book I am writing, the plot unravels itself, and that, if I write when I am in the mood, I become actually as interested in the incident,

description, or dialogue, as if I were reading instead of writing from my own imagination. Can you now understand how immaterial it is to me whether or not my books are read?"

"Yes, I can," Edgar rejoined. "I assure you, Miss Raymond, the conception of ideas is an exquisite source of delight to me. I quite agree with the author who said, 'Live with your characters.' Of course, how else can they be depicted with any approach to reality. Your explanations are excellent, but why do you write so sensationally?"

Miss Raymond now laughed, and looked Edgar full in the face; she said, "Because I write as I feel. My writings exhibit the ideas I indulge in. I like incident better than reflection. I have been obliged to study, though I prefer not to devote much time to it."

Edgar did not reply to this explanation.

Miss Raymond was, however, watching his countenance intently; and, with that premonitory feeling that now and then puts humanity on its guard, saw that there was a comparison unfavourable to herself forming in Edgar's mind, and thought she had expressed herself too freely.

She had, indeed; for, though Edgar appreciated talent, and was interested in having his late nurse's description of the way her books were written, he did not like her disposition. He had read her last novel, and thought it far too sensational. At last he said, "Your reason for writing so sensationally

satisfies me that you are not heedless of public opinion, though I think that you cultivate thoughts which had better not be written."

Miss Raymond replied vivaciously: "Why not? Why not? I have written nothing worse than has ever happened."

Edgar saw that he must not pursue the conversation, as it would be taking her to task, and he did not wish to possess the privilege of guiding Miss Raymond's thoughts.

She, however, was observing his expression, and, perceiving that he had checked his reply, said, "Oh, if you were to advise me in the matter, I would endeavour to alter my plot."

"It would be wrong of me to seek to divert your natural ability to another channel," Edgar said.

"And yet you condemn my writing," rejoined Miss Raymond, reproachfully.

"If I were to check your ideas, your individuality would be lost," he replied. Edgar was determined not to pursue the argument, so he said without giving her time to reply, "Oh, it would not be fair to interfere with your occupation, especially as it gives you so much pleasure, and is amusing so many thousands. I must now wish you good-bye, and will leave you to proceed with your next chapter."

Before he had walked across the room the door opened, and Mr. Knowles appeared. The moment he saw Edgar, he said, "I hope you were interested in my sermon?"

"I have thought much of your sermon," Edgar replied. "It was highly philosophical; and a lady of your acquaintance says that it was consoling even to those who were not rich, and could never hope to be."

"I am glad you agree with it," responded Mr. Knowles. "But I feel there is a lurking sarcasm in the last words."

"Indeed! there is not in mine," replied Edgar.

"You may not have intended them to be sarcastic, but I see the irony of the remark when you call my sermon consoling only to those who were not rich."

"Do you believe in the efficacy of prayer, Mr. Knowles?"

"I believe that prayer is an attitude of the mind; and that, if human beings use words of adoration to express the state of their mind, a beneficial result to themselves will be produced. I think that the words uttered are meaningless if the mind is not in the attitude necessary to prayer or adoration.

"To place the mind in an attitude of devotion requires reflection, contemplation, and vivid imagination, qualities of intellect which are rare. Those who possess these qualities allow the highest thoughts to rule their actions: they adore an ideal; they are filled with gratitude and never pray for aught but mental improvement."

"Then you do not suggest that prayer should be a petition for aught else?" Edgar asked.

"I tell you candidly," replied Mr. Knowles, "that,

according to the instructions I am bound to follow, I do suggest that prayer be made a petition for all things, though I think that, if human beings allow their desires to assume such a form of prayer or petition, they degrade themselves: first, by desiring to possess favours in excess of others: and secondly, by assuming to raise an ideal in their own minds, which is to satisfy their wants."

Edgar said, "My mind has formed for itself an ideal to address, to pray to; and I agree with your idea that prayer is an attitude of mind. I also think that the time has arrived when the educated clergy should not encourage prayer as a petition for all things: it is allowing superstition to retain hold upon the uneducated. The educated know better, and ridicule the idea, although perhaps they do not confess it openly. The shams of life commence in apparent belief."

"You are very severe," said Mr. Knowles: "there is much truth in what you have said; but you must pardon my discussing the matter any further. When I undertook the duties of a clergyman, I believed in much more than I do now. My career has changed my opinions; and I now preach sermons from texts that enable me to illustrate a humanitarian course of action. I feel confident that each one of us must form his own ideal, and adore it in his own way. To meet together to pray must, I think, be beneficial to some, though there may be many whose attitude of mind becomes more devout in the solitude

of their own chamber."

Edgar saw that he had now an opportunity of withdrawing without any further explanation to Miss Raymond, or to Mr. Knowles, and so he bade both adieu, Miss Raymond telling him she should drive over shortly to see how he was getting on. His conversation and manner had fascinated her more than ever.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE DAWN OF LOVE.

AT last Edgar felt that he was able to undertake a journey to London; and he told his friend Herbert that his first visit should be to Richard Willoughby, whose sister he wished to see.

His friend smiled and said enquiringly, "First love?"

Edgar simply remarked, "I have anticipated my intended visit for some days."

When he arrived at Willoughby's chambers, an agreeable surprise awaited him. Isabelle's portrait was the first object he perceived as he entered the room. "Why, Mr. Willoughby, what a beautiful portrait of your sister. Who is the artist?"

"It was drawn by herself," Richard Willoughby replied.

Edgar Adrian was very pleased to hear that Miss Willoughby was an artist, and he said, "Oh, if your sister is an artist you must bring her to Sunningdale to paint the scenes that surround us. My friend, Herbert Waldron, shall send you an invitation to

come next week. You will be delighted with the place; the change will do both your sister and yourself no end of good."

"I will hear what my sister says," answered Richard Willoughby. He remembered Isabelle's remark when he had told her that he had promised to bring Edgar Adrian to see her, and so he refrained from accepting the invitation. "Shall I now take you to see her?" he said.

"I came here to-day for that purpose," Edgar Adrian replied.

Isabelle started up at once at seeing Edgar. She began by exclaiming again how thankful she was, but Edgar stopped her.

"Hush!" he said, in one of his most gentle tones, "I was thanked quite enough by you and your brother, when I last saw you in the country, for an attempt in which I did not succeed."

"Oh! then I am not to express my gratitude."

After again chatting about the fire and their wonderful escape, they wandered to other topics, each delighted with the other's conversation. It was altogether a highly satisfactory meeting; and the brother was also delighted at being able to find that his sister's deliverer was of the same mental type as themselves.

The conversation was carried on by Edgar and Isabelle, her brother being more in a mood for reflection upon the result of the fire, perceiving that the flames were now spreading in another

direction. "Do you not feel lonely shut out from the world?" Edgar asked, after they had discussed several ordinary topics.

"You do not appear to care much for society, I think, judging by your ideas," replied Isabelle.

"Yes, I do," answered Edgar, "I find plenty at my club. What a coincidence it is that your brother is a member of it; but being an artist you should really not mix much in society, at least, according to Ruskin, whose ideas are certainly to be considered, for many of them are estimable."

"What does he say?"

"I will repeat his exact words. He says:—

"'An artist should be fit for the best society, and should keep out of it. Society always has a destructive influence upon an artist,—first, by its sympathy with his meanest powers; secondly, by its chilling want of understanding of his greatest; and, thirdly, by its vain occupation of his time and thought.'"

Isabelle said: "He certainly pays artists great deference, and I will endeavour to profit by his advice. I have read some of his books and admire them."

Isabelle and Edgar continued talking about the different books they had read, and their ideas upon them.

Isabelle's mind had been developed both by her own studies and by her brother's. He had always discussed his reading and his original ideas with her, and she had imparted her refined ideas to him;

their education, therefore, had proceeded together. Edgar soon discovered to his great delight that Isabelle was quite versed in philosophical questions.

He was anxious to introduce her to his friend, who, he knew, would appreciate her talent and her society. So he thought it might be a good plan to invite her brother to Sunningdale; and then, when he was there, to ask Mrs. Waldron to write to his sister, asking her to come while he was there.

He was, in fact, quite in love with Isabelle. It was a realization of his friend's description of love at first sight, and he had no objection to prove his theory. His friend's definition of first love gave him a reason to allow his passion to develop; and he hoped to find that it was reciprocated. He was hopeful because he discovered a sympathy of mind in the brother with himself; and Richard Willoughby had spoken of his sister in terms of praise for her simple tastes, industry, and ability. He was prepared to admire her; and now that he found her so charming and so beautiful, he had additional reasons for being attracted. The attraction was, indeed, mutual. She looked upon her deliverer with admiration for his courage, and was charmed with his manners and appearance. As to his mental powers, they were soon evident: as an artist she perceived that his features and expression denoted refinement. They suddenly both became quiet. Where there is complete sympathy there need be no anxiety to entertain. A perfect silence becomes a charm under the circumstances; minds dwelling

in harmony enjoy the quiet. "Study to be quiet," expresses one of the grandest ideas that were ever conceived. Observe quiet people – observe their expression, and it is seen that they wear a happy contented demeanour. Byron proves the value of the advice given in the above quotation when he says, "But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

At last Isabelle resumed the conversation.

"Have you an ideal woman?"

"Yes."

"What is she like?"

"That is hardly a fair question."

"As an artist I like to have pictures presented to my mind's eye."

"But I am not an artist; therefore I may not be able to draw a mental picture fit to present to your mind's eye."

"You are laughing at me."

"No, indeed not, I am perfectly serious."

"Will you describe your ideal woman to me?"

"At your earnest request I will endeavour to do so, but will you promise to paint an ideal woman from it, and present it to me?"

"If your description enable me to draw an ideal woman, I will do so."

"Then listen. To give due regard to her expression, I will describe that first. It must be animated by a desire to understand something of the surrounding phenomena and rendered mobile by her attention to those ideas which both cultivate the mind and give a

grace to the body. Her expression should, therefore, not be severe, but thoughtful and contemplative. Her benevolence should be apparent, and add a mildness to her eyes; the contour of her face should be poetic, cheeks and chin blending into one another, and, as Seneca says that 'Those who have good thoughts generally possess good complexions,' I, being a believer in Seneca's wisdom, maintain that her complexion should be good. Now, for her features."

"One moment, if you please. Do you really think that a good complexion denotes good thoughts and good acts?"

"You have added two words to my description. I did not say good acts. I said thoughts only; but I do think that the complexion proves that the health is good and that the mind is at ease, and therefore able to indulge in noble thoughts. Shall I go on?"

"Yes; if you please."

"Well, then, her features should be regular and not too demonstrative; and you must excuse my describing what they ought to be, or how they should be formed, because I cannot pretend to instruct an artist."

"You may, perhaps, be an artist and not know it."

"Well; I do think that I could tell you where you might easily find my ideal as far as expression, features, grace, and intelligence go."

"Tell me, then, and I will try to paint her for you."

"No; you must draw the picture from my description."

"Could I not just glance at your ideal?"

"You could."

"Then tell me where I can see her."

"Some day perhaps."

"What, after I have painted the picture?"

"Yes."

"Oh! that is too bad; however, I will do as you request."

"No; do not put it in that form."

"Well, then, I shall be pleased to paint it from your description, and will again, impatiently I confess, request to see the original that represents your ideal woman."

"I have no doubt that you will fail; but that will not be owing to want of artistic merit."

"What then?"

"Pardon me, I cannot give you my reason."

"Shall I then be able to compare my picture with your living ideal?"

"Yes."

"Oh! how you have aroused my curiosity."

"I could satisfy it in an instant."

"Could you?" As Edgar Adrian uttered the last words an idea dawned upon her mind which caused her to blush to the very temples. She asked no more questions, but, simply said, "I will paint your picture, though I doubt that it will be as you anticipate."

"What will that be?"

"A failure."

"It is quite possible. I do not doubt your art as a painter, though your ideal will not come up to mine."

Isabelle then became silent. She was thinking that a portrait of her companion might be drawn if she could have a careful survey of his face; but she had not the courage to regard him long enough at the time. However, she knew she would remember the expression if studied occasionally, and would therefore await other opportunities.

Edgar noticed her silence and asked her what she was thinking about.

"Oh!" Isabelle exclaimed, "the ideal picture."

"Thank you for thinking for me. I hope I have not been rude in asserting that your efforts would prove unsucessful."

"Rude! on the contrary, your ideal woman is not only a compliment to the sex, but a proof that you consider a woman a fit companion for man in his studies, as well as in his pleasures and anxieties."

"Of course I do, so does every thoughtful man."

"Do you consider yourself thoughtful?"

"One is never expected to speak of oneself, so I leave that for you to discover."

"I have discovered it."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"To try to find out some of your vanities."

"I know how to hide some of my vanity."

"How is that to be acquired?"

"You need not be told."

"Why not?"

"I do not think you have much."

"You are now making me vain."

"How?"

"By telling me I have no vanity."

"You speak like a woman."

"And you like a man."

"Then we are agreed as to our position in the world."

"I have defined mine," she answered.

"What is it?"

"No sir, you are not my father confessor."

"Oh! I apologize for my seeming inquisitiveness."

"You need not, I was jesting."

"I will tell you. I need to work and then to play. I believe happiness consists in work and play fairly divided."

"What do you call play?"

"Play is diversion from the definite work for earning your income."

"Then your play may be useful?"

"Yes, it should be nearly always."

"You philosophise like a man."

"You compliment like a man."

"If I compliment I do not flatter."

"You are now flattering me."

"Well, then, it is time I bade you adieu. By the bye, I asked your brother to bring you down to Sunningdale to paint the scenery. I am about to send

him a formal invitation. Pray come with him. I have seen one specimen of your paintings ; I suppose you can paint scenery ? "

" I think I can paint scenery better than portraits," Isabelle replied.

" Very well, then, come with your brother."

" I will answer for her," Richard Willoughby said, as he followed Edgar Adrian out of the room.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GENERAL PATENTS COMPANY.

JOHN QUALE, the junior partner in the firm of Raymond and Co., was a man able to assist the schemes of the head of the firm both by his appearance and by his industry. He performed the drudgery of the office, which often could not be entrusted to the clerks in their employ. Private arrangements had to be drawn up and quickly concluded; important letters had to be forwarded to speculators in schemes devised by Mr. Ralph Raymond, who were remaining in the background. All the private correspondence was undertaken by John Quale, who possessed a capacity for work for which many a man would have been considered a genius. His labour, however, was not of a description to expand the mind. It was the result of habit, and was always mechanically performed. He was the tool of Ralph Raymond, whom he admired for his ability in making money, and for having made him a partner in his success.

There was a stolidity of appearance in John Quale indicating an obstinacy of disposition and a want of refinement, which exhibited itself in coarse language and vulgar gestures, often accompanied by practical joking, which is always indicative of the absence of mental culture. Engaged year after year in an occupation that dealt in words and phrases, he had acquired their mechanical use. It was necessary for him to assume to know, and this he did by a pretended reticence.

When listening to a subject he did not understand, he affected a grave expression, proving what La Rochefoucauld has written, "That gravity is the mysterious appearance of the body which hides the defects of the mind." This aphorism applied well in this case, for John Quale became mysterious about things when there was no need of mystery, and grave about matters that were not grave. The world was imposed upon by his affectation of knowledge; and he passed as an honest business man. His attire was in harmony with his assumed manner: it was of a dark, sombre hue; his hat was broader in the brim than those generally worn, giving him the appearance of a Quaker; and he walked with the deliberate step of a man impressed by the importance of the labour he was performing. His voice was often raised to a very high pitch when arguing, which he considered was forcible expression, but which others thought was bullying. His chief amusement was in listening

to or relating vulgar anecdotes. Perhaps, had he not laboured quite so hard in his younger days, or had he mixed ever so little in polite society, he might have been less coarse and rough; but he was now of an age when a change of manner is impossible. He assumed great deference to those with whom he had profitable business relations; and he gained their confidence by his obsequiousness. He was only a humbug in pretending to know that of which he was totally ignorant. He was not altogether of a bad disposition, but simply uneducated and vulgar. He seldom or never read; nor, indeed, did he reflect upon anything but matters relating to his business. He, therefore, discussed general topics but rarely. His long companionship with Ralph Raymond, the time-server, had dwarfed his mind and spoiled his disposition.

One half of the daily work effected is either to no apparent purpose, or, what is worse, is positively baneful to mankind. It appears sad that such a state of things should exist; but, if we enumerate a few of the occupations, very little reflection will convince us that the statement is true. How many are occupied on manufacturing articles that are utterly useless? How many employed in manufacturing articles to adulterate food? How many are living by the sale of quack medicines? How many living by advertising them? How many by pretending to teach others that which they either do not believe themselves or do not understand?

When we consider the extraordinary amount of labour that is effected to no beneficial purpose, we are driven to consider that there may be some truth in Carlyle's opinion of humanity, and that, bitter as it is, it is a just estimate of the majority of mankind; for, if there were not very many who allowed themselves to suffer from this state of things, labour to no purpose would not be undertaken, because it would not remunerate the transgressors. In our enumeration of useless occupations, we have omitted one field of action in which are the greatest transgressors, who commit incalculable mischief in their depredations, or operations, upon mankind, the latter being a more euphemistic term, and one which they would sooner have stated as being a description of their scheming; because to avoid what is commonly called work has caused their establishment. Their labours involve perhaps the most extensive systems of misrepresentation and fraud that can be carried out; and they are, unfortunately, under the sanction of the law. What was instituted to become a benefit to mankind, and to stimulate enterprise and industry, has been transformed in very many cases into an engine for employing capital and labour to no purpose but the enrichment of adventurous, idle men, the dregs of good society and families of position, and scheming professional men. We allude to the formation of companies that are principally initiated by "gentlemen" to avoid honest labour. The whole system requires demolishing. All the machinery that the

law can bring to bear to correct the troubles these birds of prey have brought upon society has no effect. For friends innocently introduce one another into the snare, many of whom being ladies with small incomes, and ignorant of the ways of the world, become an easy prey to the schemers. The professional men who form these companies often possess a felicity of manner and facility of speech that must entrap the unwary; and they use their power unscrupulously, often introducing their clients by sending them prospectuses anonymously. They are aware how difficult it is for the law to be made to reach them. Moreover, they evade the results of their shortcomings by shifting the burden upon innocent, incapable dummies, who are simply tools in their hands. Many worn out businesses are from time to time turned into companies when no longer able to produce any profits, the promoter and the vendor being the only possible gainers.

The General Patents Company was one instance of the fraud that can be accomplished when a company of unscrupulous and plausible "gentlemen" and professional men unite to initiate a company "to benefit" the public. The General Patents Company was formed to purchase patents from their patentees, with powers to work them or otherwise dispose of them, retaining royalties. As the promoter was the father of a lady who figures in this history, it may be as well to describe the method of his operations, so that the unwary may be

enabled to judge by their appearance and manner the class of gentlemen who are able to conceive and execute such transactions for the benefit of themselves to the detriment of society.

The promoter of the General Patents Company was Ralph Raymond, a financial agent, who has already been mentioned. He thought that, if a company were formed to buy patents of patentees who were impecunious, they could be had for very small sums. This he stated to his solicitor, a Mr. Clack, who at once jumped at the idea; for, whether it became a success or not, it would produce business to him. Moreover he had clients whom he could introduce to the company. Mr. Ralph Raymond, finding his lawyer interested in the project, explained his plan. It was as follows. That, after the formation of the company, he would advertise in the papers to attract patentees, stating that a gentleman with capital was ready to invest his money in any patent that might be turned to good account. Then he explained to his solicitor that he would get the impecunious patentee to sell the patent to him for a certain sum, which would be much less than he intended getting from the General Patents Company. The plan met with the approbation of Mr. Clack, his solicitor. Ralph Raymond began to form the General Patents Company. He issued a prospectus, in which it was stated that the General Patents Company was to be formed for the purpose of purchasing from patentees their patents and rights with the intention

of either working them or disposing of them and retaining royalties from the purchasers. The initiation of this company, therefore, would not only develop channels for the investment of money, but would enable those who were charitably inclined to aid inventors who required the necessary funds to bring their patents into general use. Several eminent patentee agents were to join the directorate, as well as two well-known inventors, who were willing to dispose of their inventions from time to time to the company, and one of whom had lately gained several law-suits in connection with one patent. Several valuable patents would be purchased immediately upon the formation of the company.

The shares were all taken up; and many patents were bought by Mr. Raymond and disposed of to the company. Ralph Raymond had mentioned the General Patents Company to Herbert Waldron and Edgar Adrian, who did not care to embark in any speculation, and who therefore refused to have anything to do with it. In fact, they did not care to devote their time to making money; they had some other plans for spending their thought and time. The general public, however, were deluded by the tenor of the prospectus, and the company appeared to the public as one deserving of success.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A PROMOTER'S OFFICE.

THERE is a class of mind that appears to consider all the affairs of life from a miserable point of view. If the weather is fine, and one of this class is asked his opinion about it, he says, "Yes, it is fine; but we shall have to pay for it by and by." If he happens to find himself in a happy frame of mind, he at once checks himself, as he considers that it is wrong to be cheerful. Then he commences to dwell upon some fancied difficulty or ailment. If he is suffering from none himself, he begins to consider the troubles of others, without the least idea of remedying them. His mind is too narrow to embrace any idea for ameliorating suffering or overcoming difficulties. His countenance wears a fixed expression of weariness; and he is, indeed, a wet blanket. His occupation should be that of a mute at a funeral, as he can picture misery in a very realistic manner; he would, indeed, be an acquisition to an undertaker. The sunshine is too hot; the wind is

too cold; existing circumstances are always adverse to him. He appears out of place wherever any amusement is going on. If he has an idea of duty, he performs his work well, if not cheerfully; but no mental ability is in it. He performs it like a veritable machine, which he is. The work is done year after year in the same old way. He has no enterprise, no methods for the improvement or shortening of his daily occupation, or that of others. He makes duty a cheerless task, and renders the disease commonly called the "Blue Devils" contagious. If he smiles, it appears to be wrung out of his visage, and he seems ashamed of it, because he feels that he will be sure to suffer pain for his unwonted hilarity. Such a person was Simeon Wyncott, who was the managing clerk to Messrs. Raymond and Quale. He had never been known to absent himself for a holiday; he did his duty so regularly as to merit the highest praise. But how did he do it? Why, in such a perfunctory style that the clerks who were under his orders, knowing his unswerving attention to his duties, allowed him to do their work. He was valued by his employers, who, taking advantage of his honesty and ignorance, paid him, after twenty years' service, a salary that an ordinary clerk of two years' standing generally receives. He had many good traits that rendered him dependable for business purposes. As a companion he was utterly useless, because life appeared all wrong to him. His conversation generally was in relation to subjects that make com-

panionship dull and heavy. His business was to receive the inventors, hear the description of their patents, and to elicit from them whether they desired to part with them or to have the means found for working them. When asked by them what chances of success they had, he invariably assured them their inventions were sure to be failures. His services were valuable to his employers by his depreciation, as it enabled them to procure very often valuable patents upon very low terms. He considered he was doing his duty in depreciating the inventions; but he was innocently working into the hands of his designing employers. Sometimes he had unwittingly sent probable clients away by his remarks. One day an inventor came to the office and entered into the details of his invention, trusting to receive at least some hopeful anticipation of success from the manager. Simeon Wyncott replied to the inventor's sanguine remarks—

"Oh, if your invention does not happen to turn out a success to the investors, as is very often the case with inventions, it will be no matter; because, when large undertakings are not productive to investors or the inventors, but benefit the world at large, the desired result is still achieved. The inventor very often discovers by mere accident what he has patented and those who have the property to invest have either gained their money by speculation or have inherited it. Therefore, if they lose it, all things become equal again."

These remarks were not appreciated by the inventor; but, being desirous of seeing the principals, he said, "Look at this advertisement," showing a cutting from a daily newspaper.

Wyncott read the following aloud :—

"To Inventors.—A gentleman, possessing some capital, is willing to buy a patent from the inventor, or to assist him to carry out his invention. Address Raymond and Co., No. 1, Bullion Court, E.C., or call between the hours of 10 and 4."

Wyncott, after reading the advertisement, looked up at the patentee, and said, "Yes, this is all right. Mr. Quale will be disengaged in a few minutes." He then left the office, and went into the private room, where Mr. Quale, whom we have already described, was seated, and showed him the advertisement. He was told to usher the gentleman in. He did so.

When he returned to his office, one of the clerks, who also had been there for some years, and understood Wyncott's disposition, remarked—

"Well, I do not call that the best way to assist the General Patents Company. You should have said that you were sure it was an invention which would produce a good income if well placed before the public, and that our firm was able to do it."

"You know nothing about the matter," said Wyncott; "go on with your work."

The advice was needed, for this young man, although possessed of some ability, was not inclined to be industrious. He generally worked for about five minutes, and then rested for at least twenty-

five, which he thought was necesssary to regain sufficient energy for the next five minutes' occupation. Work was not his *forte;* his taste had been cultivated in a different direction. His energy had been lost through over-indulgence in eating. As an artist regards a picture from different points of view, so as not to miss any one of its beauties, so might this young man be daily observed surveying his mid-day meal. He took up his plate of food, which was sent him from a neighbouring eating-house, looked at it fondly, remarked how nice it looked, and then said, "Now I am going to wolf it." His expression was in accordance with the language he used; there was no exaggeration; he devoured his dinner like the animal he named, with an avidity and a noise that had long ago established his character for work of that sort, not only in the office, but among his friends, who all, more or less, possessed his refined manners and habits. When he had finished, he generally ended with a few words that could hardly be considered as grace, such as, "Mopped up." This was expressive and true. Naturally he required rest after so much exertion, and he forthwith placed his head on the desk, and fell asleep. He awoke usually about an hour after he had so refreshed himself, ready for some nuts or apples. His powers of exaggeration, usually mixed with slang, were most amusing. Everything that belonged to him, everything he did or saw, was the biggest, the finest, and the most wonderful of the kind.

Someone had said that he could tell the biggest falsehoods. He had a keen sense of humour, and noticed the peculiarities of the chief clerk, and understood the designing character of Mr. Ralph Raymond. There was a quiet rivalry between the two clerks, as the wit of the one enabled him to supplant the industry of the other in the eyes of their employers. This was not an eligible office for youths leaving school to commence learning business; for the vulgarity and laziness, the wrong views of life, the absurd ideas, habits, and manners could not but have a prejudicial effect upon them. It was, however, considered a good school in which to learn business, and so there were many fairly-educated youths in it from time to time, who gave their services gratis.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SUNNINGDALE.

HERBERT WALDRON was very anxious to please his friend. After listening to Edgar's account of his visit to the sister and brother, he, being informed that Richard Willoughby had recently been elected a member of their club, sent him an invitation to visit Sunningdale. He asked his mother to write a separate invitation for Miss Isabelle Willoughby. The same post that conveyed the letter to Richard Willoughby, therefore, brought one also from Mrs. Waldron to Isabelle, who, upon finding that her brother decided to accept the invitation, informed her pupils of her intended absence.

She had the exquisite pleasure of perceiving their affection for her by their expression of regret at the proposed holiday. Her artistic taste enabled her to impart to her pupils ideas acquired from the study of the beautiful in nature and in art. Her lessons never wearied them; they were interested in their studies. Isabelle had taught them structural botany, and had explained to them that,

to the vulgar eye, the flower is the only attraction; but that, when the physiology of plant life becomes known, the variety of the leaves and the stems, and the different states of growth and metamorphoses of the plant are all worthy of attention. She had given them elementary lessons in chemistry and geology, so that they understood the assimilation of food by plants, and the conditions under which they developed. Their studies from nature were kept as specimens by the children, who had become young philosophers. Children who are well taught soon discover the deficiencies of those with whom they pass their time, and instruct even adults by their remarks.

One great benefit arising from giving sound instruction to children is that it prevents frivolous conversation being carried on in the home circle. When children have acquired facts which they can discuss, and which have been imparted by a master mind, they insensibly become the pioneers of thought to their parents, and to all with whom they come into contact. When it becomes the practice to engage only the educated as nurses for children, then will the progress of the world be redoubled.

Isabelle had a plan for instructing her pupils that was both novel and useful. Her brother had explained to her that observation and reflection were the all-important faculties to be educated. Therefore she taught her pupils to describe both their thoughts and what they saw and heard. Because

they knew that they would have to write a description of what they had observed, their attention was always aroused, and they were able to write interesting essays that Isabelle corrected. Even their amusements became sources of instruction. Her pupils carried little notebooks; and it was amusing to perceive them continually taking notes of what was passing around them. How many instructors are there who consider that both the observation and reflection of their pupils require educating simultaneously while acquiring a knowledge of facts? How much more interesting would education be to the young mind, if aroused and stimulated to use its powers, instead of having forced upon it a monotonous study of undigested ideas!

Upon the arrival at Sunningdale of Isabelle and Richard, they were welcomed by Mrs. Waldron, her son, and Edgar Adrian. Herbert Waldron was much struck by Isabelle's beauty and graceful appearance; and he took the first opportunity of telling Edgar his opinion.

The narrow escape from the fire was the subject of their first conversation. Herbert then referred to the accident that had detained Edgar in the country, and prevented him from enquiring sooner whether Isabelle had suffered from the effects of her fright. Herbert told her that his friend must have been thinking of her, because, when he lay suffering intense pain, he had, in his delirium, exclaimed, "Save her, save her, she will be burnt to death!"

After Edgar's last interview with Isabelle, she was naturally pleased to hear of the impression she had made upon him. Her visit to him with her brother, when he was at Miss Raymond's, had not been so satisfactory to her in consequence of Miss Raymond's remarks. Now she did dare to question her own mind in the matter. When Herbert Waldron and his mother were alone on the afternoon of Isabelle's arrival at Sunningdale, Mrs. Waldron's first words were, "What a sweet woman Miss Willoughby is! How different her manners are from Miss Raymond's!"

"There is no comparison between the two," was her son's reply. "I consider it a fortunate accident that has brought Adrian and her together." Herbert quite agreed with his mother's opinion, for he knew how Isabelle had attracted his friend. Adrian had, on his return from his visit to the sister and brother, explained in a very enthusiastic way to Herbert that his first impressions had been verified by his interview with her; and he had mentioned to him how charmed he was with her paintings. Isabelle's brother had also interested them both. The coincidence of Richard Willoughby's belonging to their society gave them great pleasure; and, as they all knew the members of the club, Herbert had invited De Witt, Trueman, and several others to meet them. The visit to Sunningdale was, therefore, a most agreeable one.

Miss Adelaide Raymond was a constant visitor. Her attention to Edgar, after the accident, and

during his recovery, had been so unremitting that he felt he ought to show her every courtesy and respect; but this feeling did not in the least prompt him to entertain any other sentiment. In fact, he was already in love with Isabelle Willoughby, and only waited to perceive whether or not his love was reciprocated before declaring his passion to her.

Herbert Waldron had discovered the secret of Adelaide Raymond's love for Edgar, which he believed was as intense as Edgar's was for Isabelle; and he feared some disappointment would be caused her. He was now assured of it. He well understood her disposition and that of her father. He had cautioned Edgar, who was careful to avoid raising any false hopes in Adelaide Raymond's mind. It was too late; her impulsive nature had already succumbed to the passion. Her attempt to mislead Isabelle had at first partially succeeded; but now she saw it had turned out a failure, and had, perhaps, made her appear despicable in the eyes of the man she loved. She was not of a temperament to be soon disheartened, so she continued her visits to Sunningdale.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

ONE morning, at Sunningdale, as Isabelle was about to enter the library, she saw Edgar seated there, who arose to meet her before she could retire. She feared she had disturbed him; but he was glad to have an opportunity of being alone with her. He proposed that they should go into the garden. He pointed out the different views to her, now and then suggesting that this or that would make an excellent picture. He did not notice that she was preoccupied. Isabelle was at that moment thinking how very different were the surroundings of her home from those which were now present to her view. The comparison was depressing, and she could not refrain from sighing.

"You sigh!" said Edgar.

"Do I?" Isabelle replied.

"Yes."

"Why do we sigh?" she asked.

"We sigh from emotion!"

Isabelle blushed and repeated interrogatively, "Emotion?"

"Yes," replied Edgar.

"What is emotion?" she said in a subdued tone.

"Do you really desire me to define emotion? I am afraid I shall frighten you with the definition."

Isabelle made a negative gesture, and said, "Oh! no, pray tell me, I would like to know. I am anxious to know."

"Very well, then," he responded, "I will try to enlighten you. In the first place, you must understand it is not a simple sensation that causes us to feel emotion. It is a complex one; that is to say, it is a mingling of sensations which affect our organs. Sometimes the lungs, then we sigh; and at other times the heart, and then we experience quite a palpitation there; in fact, we sigh when fatigued, sad, or in love."

"How strange!" Isabelle replied, blushing to the very temples. She then asked him if he could tell her any more about it.

He said, "Yes, I could, but I advise you to read for yourself and then you will understand it."

There was a painful pause after he had uttered the last sentence. After a while Edgar said, "Can you now tell me why you sighed?"

She replied, blushing even deeper than before, "I am not sure that I know, but I think the comparison of this with my town life depressed me for a moment."

Edgar replied, "I must apologise for my inquisitiveness. I thought you might have been able to explain, after my definition of emotion, whether it was from pain or pleasure."

"Oh!" replied Isabelle, quickly, "I think sighing is always painful."

"Do you mean to say," rejoined Edgar, "that when you sigh it has always been from a painful cause?"

"I did not mean that at all. I said sighing was painful, but I am not reflective enough to trace it to its cause. I can only describe its effect on my mind; whether it arises from either a painful or pleasurable source, I know not."

Edgar thought a favourable time had arrived for declaring his love, but he was afraid of being too precipitate, though he determined to avail himself of the present opportunity.

Isabelle, with a woman's instinct, knew her lover was pondering over his declaration, but with a feminine delicacy of character, that rendered her still more charming to Edgar, would not utter one word to lead him to an avowal. So she laughed and said, "You shall give me a lesson in psychology another time, if you will?"

"Yes, I shall be most happy then to explain the subject as far as I understand it." He was much more inclined, however, to explain the state of his mind to her. Taking her hand he said, "Before I can teach you, you must be ready to

accept the definitions and statements I make as absolutely true."

Isabelle allowed him to retain possession of her hand, and replied, "I will do so."

"Then my first statement to you is that I love you, and I ask you if possible to bestow upon me some regard in return, indeed, I ask for your love in return."

"Why—why Miss Raymond told me upon my visit to you at her house that she was in love with you, and I thought she was engaged to be married to you."

"Now I perceive the reason why you were so constrained at our second interview."

"I did not intend to be," responded Isabelle.

"Answer me, will you accept my love if I declare to you that I neither love Adelaide Raymond nor have I ever been engaged to her."

A verbal reply was not needed.

Edgar encircled her waist and took her hand and placed it to his lips, kissing the tips of her fingers, saying, "We nearly lost our lives together, were saved together, so perhaps it is only a logical sequence that we should spend the remainder of our lives together."

Isabelle at first made no reply. After some few minutes, she said, "If it had not been for your bravery the lives of all in the room would have been lost. Your noble unselfishness ran you into great peril."

Edgar thought he would give her an opportunity for recovering her self-possession, and said:

"I am now anxious to tell my friend of our engagement."

So he again kissed her, and left her.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### AUTHORSHIP.

THE members of the World of Thought were often invited to Sunningdale. Herbert Waldron's large fortune enabled him to bestow his hospitality upon a large number of friends, who thoroughly enjoyed his society. One afternoon they were all assembled on the lawn; and, as usual, Miss Raymond had joined the party, when De Witt, who had been introduced to Miss Raymond when visiting Edgar at her house, turned to her and said—

"Which do you prefer—Friendship or Love?"

"It is quite a matter to be determined by the sexes," responded Miss Raymond.

"What do you mean?"

"Cannot you understand my explanation?"

"No," replied De Witt.

"Love for man, and friendship for woman, is what I meant."

"But there is a saying that is not consolatory, which a thoughtful man has been credited with," remarked Edgar.

"What is it?" said De Witt and Herbert Waldron at the same time.

"That friendship lasts a life time, but that the tender passion is worn out in three months."

"I do not believe it," said Isabelle.

"It may be in some cases, though I think the man who is not a constant lover cannot be a sincere friend," said Herbert Waldron.

"A woman might think and say so," Isabelle's brother remarked, "but men think otherwise."

"Oh, you men excuse one another's faults; women do not," replied Adelaide Raymond.

"That is easy to understand. Men's faults are slight, whilst women's are serious," Richard Willoughby said.

Edgar Adrian was silent. He thought that if all women were like the one with whom he was in love, the reverse to what he had just heard was the truth.

Herbert Waldron smiled. He awaited his friend's remarks; but he was disappointed.

Herbert Waldron, hearing no response from Edgar, and wishing to have the opinions of his friends upon some of his aphorisms, said—

"I will read some of the notes from my Diary of a Mind, if you are inclined to listen."

They all said they would be glad to hear them. He went into the house and returned with his diary, and read the following from its pages:—

"Responsibilities can be lightened only by labour.

"Reverie is the journey of the mind.

"Science is nature's plan for removing superstition.

"The sea gives ideas of vastness, change, grandeur, and power.

"Self-control inspires one with superiority.

"Self-love wastes a life-time.

"Let us think of our success the day after, not upon the day.

"Is not patience often nought but indolence?

"The past intensifies the present.

"Pride tries to prove nature's laws are wrong.

"We assist the progress of the world by the proper training of our children.

"Our success, our happiness, both depend greatly upon how we spend our leisure.

"We must recognise life's difficulties before we know how to live.

"Life is a luxury to those who understand how to live.

"Love arising from passion passeth away.

"There is a time for all things. There should be no time for some.

"Forgive yourself for a mean act, and the next will be meaner.

"Example is giving birth to either mean or noble actions; be careful, therefore, what thou teachest.

"Seize the thoughtful mood, nurse it as you would your life.

"Time is not an agent; things are effected in time, not by time."

After reading the preceding, he shut his book.

Isabelle's brother was the first to speak.

"Do you know that I have often remarked," he said, "that, when we hear anything read we tacitly agree with, it is hard to believe that we have not heard it before?"

They all laughed at this sally; and, when they had finished, Herbert Waldron said: "I think your irony perfect. I perceive I can take your proposition either as a compliment, or as the very opposite. However, I can assure you that they are all original. I wrote them on the margin of my copy of the Golden Treasury of Thought, and have copied them into my Diary of a Mind."

"I see that you mistake me," said Willoughby. "I repeat my compliment, for that is what it was intended for. The idea is just the same in relation to inventions, the utility of which is at once apparent. Everybody wonders why it was not thought of before."

"Well, then, I shall not be deterred from scribbling my next aphorism when it arises."

"Nothing could prevent you from doing it, I believe," said Edgar.

"Several things would," replied De Witt.

"What are they," asked Richard Willoughby.

"The materials to write with," answered De Witt

"In that case you will go on as long as you live," said Edgar.

"And I trust they will live after you," rejoined Miss Raymond.

"After that I must tender my thanks," Herbert Waldron replied, bowing to Adelaide Raymond.

"And now, Miss Raymond, you have had the benefit of some of Mr. Herbert Waldron's original ideas, will you favour us by explaining how it is that you are able to write your novels?" said De Witt.

"Oh! pray do," was the general remark.

"Tell us all how your novels are written, and how you develop them, also?" said Edgar.

Miss Raymond at once replied, "I thank you very much for your invitation. Were I to endeavour to do so, I think all of you would soon ask me to leave the explanation before I had proceeded very far, as my description would become tedious, and I know one of the present company would think it sensational."

Edgar said nothing, though he knew he was the one referred to.

"Oh, no, I am sure it would not be tedious," said De Witt, who was curious to know how Miss Raymond developed her novels; and he continued by saying "it would give all of us a clue to work out one. Each of us might try."

"I am confident that if you were to explain, De Witt would at once commence," said Edgar, glancing at him as he spoke.

"Very well, if that will be the result, I will commence; but, the instant you find my explanation becomes uninteresting, you must stop me."

"Proceed," said De Witt, urging Miss Raymond by his earnest tone.

Miss Raymond, perceiving they were in earnest and willing to listen to her, but thinking she might extract some more remarks from Edgar, turned to to him, and said—

"Will you promise to write a novel if I explain how it is to be done?"

He quickly replied—"I write a novel! I could never unravel a plot."

"I think you and your friend, Mr. Waldron, are always plotting," said De Witt. "Do promise Miss Raymond; she is awaiting your reply."

"Do not interrupt Miss Raymond longer," said Edgar.

"No, do not hinder us from gaining some ideas," said Isabelle.

"The first consideration for writing a novel," began Miss Raymond, "is to define to oneself what is to be the aim of the book—that is to say, whether it is to be written to ridicule the fashion, to correct abuses, to instruct, or simply to amuse, or to do all. When the aim is fixed, then write part of the plot, and extend it from time to time. Continue the extension by introducing ideas of things you have observed or imagined, and introduce the characters from among those who have impressed you, and who you imagine sustain the character you desire to depict.

"I continue to weave my plot," she continued, "by allowing my imagination to dwell upon what I have written, so I re-read it, that I may easily think

over the subject. I thus arrange it in a tentative manner, sketching it out and filling in the ideas from my imagination as they arise from time to time. I find that by reading aphorisms," she glanced slyly at Herbert Waldron whilst saying this, "and essays my imagination is strengthened. To preserve the unity of my plot, I separate my manuscript, when I am satisfied that I have enough to work upon, into different portions; and write in the margin the names of the divisions, for easy reference and for additions. I name one portion the chapter-book; and in that I commence making notes, writing my manuscript after reference to it. The chapter-book, therefore, which contains a summary of ideas for each chapter, enables me to preserve the unity and weave my plot still further. I have the chapters numbered and entitled in the chapter-book in advance of the manuscript. I then write out a list of the ideas that should be developed in each chapter. For instance, I consider that in every chapter there should be either description, dialogue, reflection and incident, or all combined. I try to imagine qualifying words for improving the four component parts. I then write out a standard of what my ideas are upon, the subjects to be treated in it, and weave the plot accordingly."

"Do you never write your plot right out at first?" said De Witt.

"Oh! no—never. I allow it to unravel itself, and I invariably discover that, after referring to my

chapter-book, standard, and tests, I can develop the novel easily."

"What do you mean by tests?"

"By tests I mean that, as I know it is important to render the sayings, and doings, and thoughts of my characters consistent, I adopt the plan of living with my characters."

"Living with your characters! Why what can you mean?" said De Witt.

"I mean that I think and imagine what is naturally done, or said, or thought, under certain circumstances I have related: and, as I constantly dwell upon the ideas when not engaged in writing, I call that living with my characters."

"I perceive you have, then, both an aim and a method," said Isabelle, who was much interested.

"Yes, I hope I have both; and I presume, Miss Willoughby, that by method and aim you mean brain power, do you not?" sarcastically asked Miss Raymond. "I do think," she continued, "that both are required. And now, are you all satisfied with my explanation?"

"No, we are not," said De Witt; "pray go on. You surely can let us further into the secret."

"I will, then, now tell you the way I try to write vigorously upon definite ideas. The method I adopt is to make a note of the subject, and then to write a list of single words one under the other bearing upon it, to illustrate it further. I then write short essays upon the subject, which can be changed

at will into either description, reflection, or dialogue. I find this plan enables me to sustain the characters throughout, and to establish the unity, and it enables me to develop the plot by stimulating my imagination, as it aids me to conceive action and incident necessary to produce the reflections I have written."

"That is certainly a clever way, and proves you take pains to please your readers," said Edgar.

"I also take up novels—any novel will do—not to borrow ideas from them, but to criticise my own by. As I see where there is exaggeration, inadequate simile, tame incident, or vigorous description, I then turn to my manuscript, having taken a lesson in what to follow or to avoid.

"The moment I have any idea," she continued, "that appears to my mind adapted to any of the characters I am describing, I turn to my chapter-book and write it there; and the instant any qualifying words occur, I write them in the part of the memoranda where I can easily refer when writing my manuscript. I thus get the benefit of unbidden thoughts, which, strange to say, often prove the most accurate."

"This is really interesting," said Edgar.

"I knew you would inspire him to write. Look at his expression. Shall I fetch pen, ink, and paper?" said De Witt.

Miss Raymond wished she could inspire him, but not in the manner suggested by De Witt.

"The only dilemma I find myself placed in is when

I am uncertain as to what I consider interesting to write might not be found so to my readers," resumed Miss Raymond.

"Do you consider your readers?" said De Witt.

"I do in the language I use, but not in the ideas I express. I write to define my aim, and not to captivate. Now I have finished."

"We all thank you very much," said Herbert Waldron.

"I believe that there will be at least six new novels written in consequence of your information and instruction," said De Witt.

"As you seem to appreciate my explanation, I feel that I ought not to omit one other matter I invariably attend to," resumed Miss Raymond, who was much amused at the turn her explanation had made to the conversation. "If it be possible," she continued, "to introduce the reflection at the right moment in the dialogue, then the work becomes a success; and I think it proves the genius of an author to perform this portion well, as the reflections must arise from a knowledge of humanity; and if, added to this, apt quotations can be introduced, then the work is adorned; but the inverted commas should never be omitted, as they prove that the author is above plagiarising, and his, or her, originality is stamped upon the pages. Emerson has a short essay upon the way quotations should be introduced; and, to my mind, the inverted commas should satisfy the author as enough for him to

claim when he adorns his pages with another's thoughts."

"What especial power do you think, then, a novelist requires?" said Edgar.

Miss Raymond replied: "I cannot answer; but I know that, without observation, reflection, and imagination, the work must be poor."

Richard Willoughby said: "I quite agree with your remarks."

"I intend going about like a builder looking for an eligible plot, after this lecture. I do not intend wasting my new acquisition," said De Witt.

"You sarcastic man," said Miss Raymond.

Edgar, who had been quietly listening, thought that now was the time to give Miss Raymond another hint about her sensational writings, so he said—

"Your method for working out your plot is excellent—in fact, you raise a standard for yourself, which aims at perfection in writing; but I consider you mar your great ability by the sensational characters you depict; you depart from your standard. But, I remember, you did not include purity as a test."

"Yes," quickly responded Miss Raymond; "I know you object to the characters I delineate. I recollect your advice in the matter suggested to me some time ago; and then, although you found fault with my characters, you excused yourself from guiding my style for fear you might destroy my individuality. I thought you were afraid it might merge into your own."

Miss Raymond said this for the purpose of arousing Isabelle Willoughby's jealousy, but the shaft took no effect.

Edgar thought he could easily reply to her bold remarks, and he quietly said—

"How can I help what you think, Miss Raymond? You have favoured us all with a description of the manner in which you write your books, and we all think it is certainly very ingenious. I dissent only from the matter of your books, and not from your plan or method. But I am criticising, and you are aware that the critic is always a poor performer."

"I am aware, sir," responded Miss Raymond, vivaciously, "that you do not wish to show too great an interest in my labours, or I might ask you again to correct my manuscript. But you were very severe just now."

Edgar laughed, and so did they all excepting the one who provoked it.

De Witt said: "Nonsense! Ask him to write or correct a sermon, and then he might do so; but to ask him to correct a novel, is perfectly ridiculous."

Miss Raymond said: "I must now go, and I thank you very much for your attention."

The whole party were engaged in discussing what they had heard for a long time after her departure.

## CHAPTER XX.

SHADOWS.

ISABELLE was awakened the morning after Edgar had declared his love for her by the sunshine, which appeared to greet her awakening thoughts. The last thoughts at night form the next morning's reflections. In Isabelle's mind the image of her lover had been uppermost; and she now thought how delightful it would be to paint his portrait from memory.

When a woman has received a declaration of love from the man she is in love with, her feelings are entirely absorbed by the passion; and Isabelle was content to dwell upon the state of her mind, and to trace and retrace the events of every day since she had met Edgar at the fire.

Only one disagreeable circumstance troubled her, and that was the words that had been spoken to her by Miss Raymond, and her shocking duplicity. She felt that she might have been the victim of her treachery, and she thought that somehow or other she would soon feel the effect of Adelaide Raymond's dis-

appointment. She had informed her lover of all that had taken place; and he was surprised to find that had it not been for his desire to learn more of the lady he had attempted to rescue, he might, perhaps, have been led into an engagement which he now perceived that he must afterwards have regretted.

Adelaide Raymond's penetration soon informed her how affairs stood between Isabelle and Edgar. She did not, however, yet despair of winning the man for whom she had conceived so ardent a passion; so she continually visited Sunningdale. She knew that Isabelle must have given some explanation to Edgar about her conduct, and that he must have contradicted what she had told Isabelle. She therefore now had to adopt other means for gaining her end; and, for the moment, she was uncertain what to do. She had not dreamed for an instant that Isabelle and her brother would ever have been invited to stay with Edgar Adrian. Herbert Waldron was most delighted to find his friend had discovered such a woman as Isabelle Willoughby; and their courtship was an additional delight to his philosophic mind. He had formed quite as high an ideal of woman as Edgar had. They had discussed their opinions about the sex, as about everything else that came under their notice, and Herbert saw that his friend had succeeded in finding a woman in every way suitable to be his companion. He paid Isabelle great attention, persuaded her to lengthen her visit, and gained her friendship as completely as he had possession of Edgar's.

Adelaide Raymond had watched Herbert Waldron's behaviour to Isabelle; and her treacherous disposition suggested to her another way of separating Edgar and Isabelle. She now awaited her opportunity and was on the *qui vive* to work out her plans. She thought that, if she could prove to Edgar that his friend had fallen in love with Isabelle, his noble disposition would yield her up to his friend, and that he would not, even if Isabelle would consent, marry her if it caused his friend any pain or disappointment. Her plan was to commence her attack by raising jealous fears in Edgar's mind. She had now adopted a system of conduct which left her no rest, and rendered her almost desperate.

When we commit the slightest mean action we at once suffer the evil results of it, though we may not at first notice it. When the mind is a reflective one the torment is so great that sometimes the first mean act is the last. If, upon the contrary, a mean act is performed by a not very reflective mind, though there may be great annoyance and trouble, the cause is not so apparent, and meaner acts follow. The result is a life of meanness.

An analysis of the mind would show that the general sources of unhappiness are really mean thoughts and mean acts, and that fortune, whether good or bad, has very little, indeed, to do with happiness. Were this generally recognised, more than half the misery of the world would, perhaps, vanish.

## CHAPTER XXI.

READING, LEARNING, AND LEISURE.

"THERE has been a droll thing printed lately in one of the papers," remarked Trueman, as he walked up to De Witt at the World of Thought.

"What is that?" asked De Witt.

"A list of the best one hundred books," answered Trueman.

"Do you not approve of such a list? I think it will save many the trouble of finding out the best books to read, especially if the books have been selected by able men."

"I am of your opinion; but, unless the list gives the reason that each book mentioned should be read, I think it useless. The educated require no such list. Those studying require the reason that each book is recommended; and those who read only for amusement cannot be guided by a list of bare titles. I think I have a much better plan—one I always adopt."

"I thought you would have a better plan," quickly suggested De Witt.

"Do not interrupt Willoughby," Trueman cried out.

"What a fellow you are," said another. "Here we were about receiving a lecture on reading and the choice of books—a matter of great importance—and you thrust your sarcasms in, and hinder all of us getting the desired information."

De Witt replied—

"Your hasty remarks might have been saved. I am as anxious to hear Willoughby's plan as you are. I knew what he was talking about. I read the list that appeared, and I read also a criticism upon it, wherein it was stated that it was possible that the man who wrote the list of the best books had not read all of them himself."

"Come, Willoughby—your plan," said Trueman.

Willoughby had always made a list of the books that were quoted in those he read, so that he had a long list of good books by eminent authors. This list fulfilled the requirements, as they appeared under different headings; so that when a book upon a special subject was required, he had only to refer to the list of the subjects to find the books upon it. He had so perseveringly adopted this plan, that he had compiled a valuable book of reference. He had a margin for general remarks in it; and, as he always read in a critical state of mind, he knew that he could trust his memoranda for future reference.

He explained his plan to his friends, who agreed that unless the reasons were given for selecting

a book to read, any list would be useless excepting to those who happened to have similar tastes to those of the compiler.

He then stated that a book, entitled "A History of the English Language and Literature," supplying a list of works, with short criticisms, had been published by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, of Edinburgh; and that, for a more extended treatment of the above, the student was referred to "Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature." Mr. F. Harrison's Essay, "The Choice of Books," was most valuable, because, being a critical review of literature, it met the requirements of all readers.

"Now, Willoughby, you must not hide your talents; you should publish your book of books," said De Witt. "I daresay you could tell us how to become learned."

"Do you desire to become learned, De Witt?" Trueman enquired. "I think," he resumed, "you are so interested in the learning possessed by those you associate with, especially at the World of Thought, that you hardly require any knowledge yourself."

"I do own that I do not feel any deficiency when I am in the World of Thought," quickly retorted De Witt.

"No," replied Trueman, "you are not aware of those things you do not know—it would constitute great knowledge on your part. However, what you are deficient of in knowledge and sense you make up for in nonsense, and thus all things are equal."

"I have lately had a lesson upon a subject that only one of us, besides myself, has had, and a subject, too, that would be useful to all of you," said De Witt, who was not at all offended by his friend's remarks about his knowledge, and who was determined to make Willoughby relate some of Miss Raymond's ideas about authorship.

"What is the instruction you have received?" said Trueman. "Though I need not ask you to tell us," he exclaimed, "as we know how ready you are to improve our minds."

"If Willoughby will tell us how to become learned, I will tell you what I heard," replied De Witt.

"I have no objection to tell you what I have thought about the matter," Willoughby rejoined. "There may be a difference of opinion about the subject, and it is possible De Witt will be able to clear up the difference, and correct my opinions."

"Yes, I had that idea in view," De Witt replied, looking around him as he said so.

"And you promise that, after Willoughby has explained his method for becoming learned, you will tell us your latest experience upon a subject that you say is highly useful to all of us?" Trueman observed.

"Certainly I will," De Witt replied.

"Then," Willoughby said, "I must inform you that I have from time to time jotted down ideas upon the way to become learned, and can read them in a few minutes."

Willoughby then read the following:—

"There is one subject that has not yet been sufficiently considered by humanity; and as the progress of the nation materially depends upon it, I have thought it worthy of bringing forward in the World of Thought.

"It assumes the form of a question, one we should often ask ourselves, namely, 'How do we spend our leisure?'

"Now, I maintain that our success, the success of the whole nation, depends upon that question.

"Because, in the first place, upon the way in which we spend our leisure depends our fitness for our every day occupation; in the second place, upon the manner we occupy ourselves in our leisure depends our increase or decrease of mental ability; and, in the third place, according to the way in which we devote our leisure we are able to get some knowledge of the true bearing of life.

"To deal with the first proposition, I suppose it is necessary only to assert that, in consequence of the struggle for existence, the majority of human beings have to become bread winners at a very early age; and that, in consequence of the competition, a large number of hours each day has to be spent in earning a bare livelihood, so that the leisure from the toil is the only time which can be apportioned to mental improvement. How many are there who bear that in mind?

"Parents generally consider, and state that their children have finished their education when they

have arrived at eighteen or twenty years of age, when they place them out in the world to gain their own livelihood. They err. Up to the time they are placed in the world they have only been learning, or endeavouring to learn, how to learn. This fact is totally lost sight of both by the parents, the children, and their instructors. Now, what are the consequences? In lieu of mental attainments, there is acquired a desire for wealth, which is rarely or never attained, a solitary few only being successful. These few are held up as examples, the manner in which they have acquired it being rarely or never enquired into. What becomes of the unsuccessful ones? They become miserable slaves, half-educated machines, with hardly any idea of anything beyond the weekly wage. Now, if the leisure from the daily occupation be devoted partly to mental improvement, the following advantages accrue:—The labour is more efficiently performed; wealth is considered only a means and not an end; and the emancipation of the mind, by intellectual effort, enables the worker to resist the aggression of the capitalist. Thought acts as the lever to the machine, enabling it to perform its operations with more intelligence. A true idea of life can be obtained only by interesting the mind outside its sphere of daily labour; and this can be done only by continuing the education that is begun at school. The only time to carry out this idea must be apparent to everybody: it is in our leisure.

"There is only one class of human beings who do not come under the scope of our address, and that is those who are learning a profession. They must acquire a definite knowledge of science or art. Their studies, however, being compulsory, are often very indifferently attended to. I now come to a point upon which I wish to insist, and that is that nearly all of those who have appeared as mental pioneers have placed themselves in that position by the way in which they have spent their leisure. They knew the value of their spare moments, and that it was necessary to put into practice that which their early life had taught them. They remembered that they had been taught only *how* to learn; and when they went into the world they made up their minds that in their leisure they must devote themselves to learning. It is not at all requisite to ignore the necessity for amusement or pleasure to carry out the determined efforts of learning. It is simply necessary to bear in mind that there is a time for everything; and that some time should be devoted to putting into practice that which is essential to both our own happiness and the happiness of others. The only way in which that can be accomplished is to persistently devote ourselves to mental improvement in our leisure."

Willoughby was listened to with great attention. After he had finished he turned to De Witt, and said to him:—

"Now give your promised explanation."

De Witt said, "After your last attempt, which

was so interesting, you must tell them about authorship."

"No," remarked Trueman, "Willoughby will do no such thing. Come, De Witt," he resumed, "you promised to tell us your last experience, and you said it would be instructive to us all."

De Witt then related all he had heard Miss Raymond say about authorship. Many of his listeners were authors, and they were amused at his relation. De Witt had great powers of retention, and was able to give them the benefit of all he had heard Miss Raymond explain.

"Was nothing said about criticism or reviews?" asked one of his friends, an author of some merit.

"Not a word," said De Witt, who continued by saying, "if there had been, I should not have repeated it, out of consideration to your feelings."

"My feelings? My dear fellow, I am insensible to all criticism."

"And to everything else," quickly thrust in De Witt.

"If you wish to learn something about criticism read Jennings' 'Curiosities of Criticism,'" Willoughby remarked.

"Oh, I do better than read a book upon it," said Trueman. "I read the reviews and notices generally, and then I perceive that the critics often criticise very severely; but I do not complain of them. I believe they do their best to point out good books. No doubt the Press has some power, but nothing like that which it formerly possessed."

"I suppose you are speaking from your own experience. Doubtless your books have not required reviewing," was De Witt's reply.

Trueman did not deign to reply. He walked out, leaving the rest of the members to take up his cudgels.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### LOVE AND LEARNING.

SOME philosopher has said that love and learning do not often inhabit the same mind. If that be so, Edgar and Isabelle were certainly exceptions to the general rule, for, in them, love in its noblest form and learning were united to a great extent.

One day Edgar said, "Isabelle, I have come to this conclusion, and I want to hear your opinion of it. I believe that there are, after all, only three distinct orders of mind, varied as the degrees of each may be."

"Only three," replied Isabelle, glancing tenderly up at him. "What do you mean? Why, among the millions of human beings one would imagine that there must be many more."

"No; I think not, and I will explain. Firstly, there is the mind which is so incomparably superior, so far beyond our own, that we can hardly conceive of its great power. We are awed, if not delighted when we come into contact with it, and it undoubtedly is a very great privilege to have

the opportunity of doing so. We are not permitted very often to enjoy the society of this superior mind. Some never enjoy the privilege, and would not even know when they had been in company with a master mind. It may be compared in some respects to the most delicate luxuries. The comparison, of course, is incomplete; because, while a luxury delights only our more gross senses for the time, the superior mind imparts its power, and leaves us in possession of some of its attributes. When we recognise them a direct benefit arises from the contact."

"This, I admit to be true," responded Isabelle, looking earnestly and admiringly at her lover, who was much too deeply engrossed with his idea to notice her undisguised expression of admiration and approval.

"The second order of mind is the one we feel is equal to, and upon a level with, our own, though there may be, sometimes, more knowledge of some subjects upon one side, but that is really counterbalanced by knowledge of a different kind on the other.

"In matters of thought, observation, reflection, and judgment, in fact, in all abstract ideas deduced from definite knowledge, I hold the second order of mind to be equal to our own. Mere accident and opportunity supply the varied knowledge to one or the other; but the effects are the same. When this is so then we can assume that the mind possesses similar

powers of reasoning to our own, and is, therefore, of the same order."

Isabelle nodded her head in assent to all this.

"Now," continued Edgar, "we come to the third order of mind, inferior to our own, from its manifest inability to acquire definite knowledge to work upon. No amount of education could bring this last order up to the first or second."

"I am sorry to say," responded Isabelle, who was here mutely appealed to by Edgar, "I must also agree with you upon this point; and it has always been a sad reflection to me, because the benefits derived from the difference of mental power must vary considerably."

"Oh, there you may be mistaken."

"I hope so," she replied.

"It is quite possible that the misery and the happiness of the world are equally divided among all; and that there is a compensation, no matter what the mental capacity. The quotation, 'Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise,' might be one rendering of our desire and hope."

"Yes, I agree with you that may be so," said Isabelle, "though I think the poet's inspiration applied to ignorance in a relative sense to some trouble unknown, yet possibly in store for the individual. Now come to the practical part of the idea."

"It is in the power of most human beings," Edgar said, "to perform mental gymnastics, to estimate, and

to compare every mind with which they come into contact with their own, and to mentally catalogue it for future reference. The continual criticising of friends, sometimes in other than a friendly way, is an illustration.

"The mind that is equal to our own, gives us, perhaps, the greatest amount of pleasure, because we are able to be entertained with what we understand. Sympathy arises. What does that mean? Consider the word etymologically, and it becomes apparent, of *equal mind*. The terms are now joined, and the genius of the language has evolved a meaning which in its psychological sense, or, perhaps, it would be better to say in its metaphorical use, means friendship, or even love, for they are akin. The poet says, 'Sympathy is akin to love.' Is it not sympathy aching to love?'"

"Oh! how shocking to pun upon such refined sentiments," said Isabelle.

"If I have punned upon the two sentiments, then let me add that I mean the play upon the words to be a sentimental, true, and just interpretation of what sympathy often leads to."

"I forgive you if that be the case."

"Well, sweetheart, look at ours. My sympathy for those whom I thought were in danger has aroused my love for you."

"Oh! Is that the way you were attracted to me?"

"No, not entirely," said Edgar, "it was an accident that brought us together, and design has made us

better acquainted? If you wish me to tell you why I love you——"

"I do," interrupted Isabelle.

"Well, then, let me finish my explanation about the three orders of mind, and you will then know."

"You cruel man," she laughingly cried, "proceed."

"In any case where sympathy arises," continued Edgar, "the minds of all interested are for the time being on a dead level in relation to the ideas which are entertained, and they unite to assist one another, in common. Humanity possesses feelings and passions which differ only in degree. Thus whole masses of people occasionally unite and are influenced to assist in carrying out objects that are easily understood by them all. Designing men know this, and address themselves to the passions and feelings, instead of to the reason, of the uneducated."

"You argue quite professionally," said Isabelle.

"That shows I have benefited by my legal studies; however, let me now continue, as I am anxious to finish the subject."

Isabelle was not in any mood to hasten his explanation, for she was perfectly happy in listening to her lover's voice, and examining his earnest expression; but, not desiring to interrupt his train of thought, she nodded her head for him to proceed.

Edgar then continued: "The mind inferior to our own is painful to come in contact with. The pain felt by the superior mind forced into companionship

with it cannot be well described. It is known only to those who are by their unfortunate position thrown daily with that class of mind without the relief of the companionship of either the equal or superior intellect. In such cases, life becomes a positive burden. The desire to assist humanity may give some noble minds a zest to labour, even with this inferior order of mind; but there is no companionship, and companionship is such a necessity."

"And do you not think," slyly remarked Isabelle, "that the burden is equally great for the lesser mind to bear when bored by the greater?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Edgar, "hence the reason of the proverb that 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Similarity of mind, as well as of taste and occupation, will bring each order together, although the proverb is generally used in a depreciatory sense. Now I have finished."

Isabelle said, "Then why do you love me?"

"Why do I love you?"

"Yes, why do you love me?"

"Because I cannot help it."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh! do not say it is nonsense," replied Edgar earnestly.

"I say it is nonsense that you utter when you say that you cannot help it."

"Well, since you force me to tell you why I love you, I shall, as the reasons are manifold, give you only a few."

Isabelle was perfectly satisfied by her lover's reply.

No woman who is in love ever tires of hearing her lover declare his passion. The declaration only increases her desire for its repetition; and she will engage in any ruse to hear the avowal repeated.

Edgar then said, "I love you because I consider that you represent my ideal of a woman. You are clever and industrious, and possess what I consider poetic taste, and last, though not least, you are graceful and beautiful."

"Then you do not love me because I love you?"

"Certainly not. I love you quite independently of that idea."

"Would you love me if I did not love you?"

"Of course I should, you are my ideal woman. Your mind, I believe, is in harmony with my own. I have already explained the different orders of mind, and you appear to illustrate my theory. Have I satisfied you?"

"You have. And what am I to consider then," replied Isabelle; "am I mentally superior, equal, or inferior to you?"

"What is your opinion?" he replied.

"Mine? Oh! I asked you."

"Well, then, judging from your courage, and your studies and tastes, my opinion is that, there being no difference of sex in mind, you are, if not superior, at least quite equal. Therefore, I first sought your friendship, then your sympathy; and they have united and produced love. Are you now satisfied?"

He needed not to have asked the question. Her face gave him his answer. However, she replied, "Perfectly satisfied."

"Well, then, one more explanation and I have finished my mental lecture. Perhaps you are not aware that it is possible for ordinary observers of a fine painting to become quite enthusiastic in their admiration of it, as they are at a fine view, and that the enthusiasm extends to the artist. Well, my enthusiasm commenced with your beautiful paintings and ended with my love and adoration for your sweet self, and I will now seal my promise that it shall continue." Thus saying, he folded her in his arms and kissed her.

Isabelle now knew some of the reasons why Edgar loved her, and was determined to ask him again when a favourable opportunity occurred.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A BURGLARY.

MISS RAYMOND thought the time had now arrived for making another effort to gain Edgar's affections. She still believed that, if she were in the same house again with him, away from Isabelle Willoughby, she would have more chance of carrying out her designs. She wrote to her friend, Mrs. Courthope, asking her to remind Herbert Waldron and Edgar of their promised visit, telling her, also, that she intended joining the party. Mrs. Courthope at once acted upon Adelaide Raymond's suggestion. She had been anticipating their visit; and four days after the renewed invitation had been made, and after Isabelle had gone back to her pupils, Herbert Waldron, Edgar Adrian, De Witt, Adelaide Raymond, and her father, were the guests of Mrs. Courthope, who was delighted at having an opportunity of chatting over her philanthropic plans with her friends.

The day after their arrival she said to Herbert Waldron, "How is it there is so little generosity in the world?"

Herbert Waldron replied, "Generosity is the action of a very high order of intellect. I admit it is rare."

"Why is it so rare?" asked Adelaide Raymond.

"Oh! I think that is very easily understood," replied Edgar Adrian.

"Then I wish you would explain it," exclaimed Mrs. Courthope, who admired Edgar's earnest manner.

"I will try," Edgar said. "I think that to be generous it is necessary, as my friend just now remarked, to possess a very high order of intellect; because one must be able to trace the results of the action to one's own mind, and to be satisfied that a benefit accrues. To act without desiring to reap any pleasure at all from the action would be folly. To bestow gifts upon others, where the sole benefit that arises is a delight to the mind, is generosity. It is generous, also, to have consideration for the faults of others which affect us injuriously. The latter description of generosity is rarer than the former, and is actual magnanimity. When we forgive faults, from the results of which we suffer, we prove that we would perhaps bestow even to our own deprivation. I have now concluded my explanation," Edgar said, "and is it not palpable to you that to be generous one must be an acute thinker, as well as a humanitarian."

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Courthope.

"Then, tell me," continued Herbert Waldron, "how many are there who are acute thinkers, able

to make excuses for humanity, and willing to assist as well as excuse?"

"To assist those who are not deserving, means doing something more than is usually done," said Mrs. Courthope.

Herbert was delighted to hear his friend's opinion on the matter, though he expected that Edgar would give his hearers a lesson. Mr. Raymond and his daughter appeared to understand Edgar's remarks; and they sat upon their chairs as if they were stools of repentance. The words they had just heard were not in consonance with their worldly ideas.

De Witt turned to Miss Raymond, and whispered, "After to-day's lesson you will have no excuse for not being generous. You now know the beneficial effect it will have upon yourself."

Miss Raymond smiled, but she did not reply. She felt the truth of Edgar Adrian's explanation, and knew that she had missed many an opportunity of being generous. She was not to blame so much as her father. He, however, thought that he had made a great mistake in coming with his daughter; the conversation did not please him; he was wasting his time, he thought, and he made up his mind to leave at the first opportunity.

Unfortunately, and much to Adelaide's disappointment, the party was separated sooner than they expected, by an event that caused them much trouble.

One night, about a week after their arrival, Edgar was enjoying the perfumed air which entered

his bedroom from the garden. It was one of those balmy summer nights, when to lie awake and contemplate whilst resting is an exquisite delight. His enjoyment was suddenly changed to excitement. His bedroom door was slowly and noiselessly opened, and, to his astonishment, the head and shoulders of a man appeared, who looked cautiously around the bedroom and then entered it. Edgar at once feigned sleep; it was easy for him to do so, for the position he was in indicated repose. Possessing great presence of mind he was able to regulate his breathing, and the man, thinking he was fast asleep, without further ceremony commenced his operations. He walked up to the dressing-table, evidently bent upon robbery, and took Edgar's watch and chain. While so engaged in these proceedings he continually cast his eyes towards the bed where Edgar lay, who, naturally in great suspense, was watching him from under his almost closed eyelids. He felt that he could not long retain his painful position, and for the moment he was at a loss how to act. The nights in the summer are never quite dark, and therefore he could observe the expression and the features of the burglar. Edgar felt certain by the determined air of the man that he would not scruple to take his life if he thought it necessary. After taking possession of Edgar's watch and chain, he seized a pocket-book, which had been left on a table close to a silver candlestick, which he also removed. He then

again looked at the supposed sleeper, then around the room, to see if there was any jewellery. He was disappointed. Edgar did not wear any. There was not even a solitary ring for the man to steal. The burglar, having taken the pocket-book and the candlestick, noticed a silver inkstand that was upon the mantelpiece. He took out the bottles and placed the inkstand in a bag which he had slung round his neck, and in which he had already placed the candlestick. Edgar had now had sufficient time to perceive that the burglar was a muscular heavily-built man, taller and of much stronger appearance than himself. He therefore thought that, being undressed, he would be at a very great disadvantage in a struggle. His position was not at all an enviable one; and he decided to adopt some stratagem to overcome the man.

The burglar, being dissatisfied with the amount of his booty, now made his way across the room to an open wardrobe, in which Edgar's clothes were hanging. He searched the trousers pockets and emptied the contents into his own, and then removed some bank notes from an inner pocket of the coat, turning towards the bed, from time to time, to see whether there was any movement on the part of the sleeper. The pictures upon the wall next attracted his attention. The man knew by experience that in a large, well-furnished house the pictures might be very valuable. He removed two small ones; and, in placing them on the floor, had to turn his

back to Edgar, who now thought that it was time for him to act. He bounded out of bed, and, with great force, increased by the spring, pushed the burglar against the wall. The man's head came into contact with the wall with a dull heavy thud; and, before he could turn to attack his opponent, Edgar had hold of him by the neck, and was pressing his throat, so as to render him insensible. The burglar strove to get from his grip by kicking, for he could not well use his arms. His efforts were unavailing. Edgar well knew that, if the space above the thyroid cartilage was pressed with great force, even a weak opponent could overcome a strong one, so he pressed, quite heedless of the kicks and struggles of the thief. The noise of the struggle, and Edgar's cries for help, soon aroused the household, who came to his aid.

Edgar now said to the burglar "Will you yield?" at the same time relaxing his hold upon the man's throat, to enable him to reply.

The burglar growled out hoarsely: "Yes; let go your hold, man—you are strangling me."

"It would be no loss to society were I to do so," replied Edgar; and, turning round, he said—"Give me some rope—we cannot leave him alone until he has been well secured," and he retained his hold upon the man's throat until the rope was brought and the burglar's hands and feet were tied. He was then removed to another room.

Herbert Waldron, Edgar and the servants, then

went to Mrs. Courthope's bedroom, fearing she might have been alarmed by the uproar. They found the door open, and, after knocking and hearing no response, walked in. They saw at once that burglars had been also in her room. It was in great confusion, and Mrs. Courthope was lying apparently asleep in the bed. They went softly to the bedside, fearing to arouse her, and, to their horror, saw that she was dead. She had died from fright. The cash box had been forced open, and its contents, including her will, had been stolen. The apartment had been thoroughly ransacked. Mrs. Courthope had not been able to move from fright. The burglars, being aware of her state, had taken everything of value, and, at the first sounds of the struggle, had decamped, leaving their companion behind.

A doctor soon arrived; but his services were not wanted; Mrs. Courthope had been dead more than an hour. The police were then informed of the affair, and took possession of the burglar.

Edgar did not then know that he had lost a fortune during the night, Mrs. Courthope having made her will in his favour, of which Adelaide Raymond was well aware. It had been placed among some other papers, which the burglars thought were bonds or securities.

This sad affair spoiled the agreeable plans that had been arranged; and the whole party were thrown into great grief at the sad death of their friend. They remained in the house until after the funeral.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### JEALOUSY.

ADELAIDE RAYMOND'S passion for Edgar Adrian had now increased to such an extent that she became determined to use all her endeavours to cause a separation between him and Isabelle. The sudden termination of the visit to Mrs. Courthope, caused by her untimely death, had again frustrated her hopes. She knew, from her own study of human nature, that, where people were not to be led by their vices, it was possible to mislead them by their virtues. She knew Edgar Adrian's friendship for Herbert Waldron; and the tender regard he showed for Isabelle, who he knew would contribute to Edgar's happiness. Isabelle had returned to Sunningdale; but the lovers did not allow their attachment to withdraw them from Herbert Waldron's society; the friends were as much together as ever.

Adelaide Raymond had noticed Herbert Waldron's manner to Isabelle Willoughby, and had made her plans accordingly. She knew his attention to Isabelle

was on account of his friend, for whom he would have sacrificed both his life and his fortune; and she thought that Edgar's friendship would also endure the severest test possible where Herbert was concerned. She therefore determined after some consideration to tell Edgar that his friend had fallen in love with Isabelle; and that she was sure that Isabelle, if she did not now reciprocate his passion, was not insensible to his great and good qualities, and would be just as happy with Herbert as with himself. She knew Edgar's disposition well; and, since the burglary and death of her friend, Mrs. Courthope, who she knew had left her fortune to him, she had become determined to try this plan for separating Edgar and Isabelle. She argued, as all do who wish to have their own desires gratified at the expense of others, that, if she could cause Edgar to give up Isabelle, and persuade him to marry her, there would not be much, if any, harm done. She did not perceive that she was considering only herself in the matter.

One morning Edgar rose earlier than usual to procure some wild flowers for Isabelle to draw. She had not yet given up her duties as a governess, and had only recently returned to Sunningdale on a visit. Edgar had perceived some flowers of a peculiar kind in his rambles with his friend, and had intended to gather them for Isabelle when she next visited Sunningdale. He had mounted his horse, and was riding to the spot, when he heard some one call his

name. He turned, and saw Miss Raymond approaching. He allowed her to come up to him.

"So you are an early riser?" he said to Miss Raymond.

"Yes; I write in the morning. I find that, after an early morning ride, my faculties are at their best."

She had, in fact, discovered that Edgar often rode early without his friend, and she thought that would be the best time to work out her plans.

"I am off to Sunning Wood to gather some wild flowers for Miss Willoughby to draw," said Edgar.

"Why did you not bring her with you?" quickly asked Miss Raymond.

"Because I did not wish to disturb her."

"You are considerate. I wonder how far your friendship for Herbert Waldron would carry you?" Miss Raymond asked, in an enquiring tone—a tone which seemed to imply that there was a necessity for Edgar to test his friendship.

"How far would my friendship carry me?" he echoed. "Do you mean, to what extent would I deny myself for him?" he continued.

Miss Raymond saw that the moment had arrived to make the first step in her plot, so she said—

"Yes, that is exactly what I meant."

"Well, then," Edgar replied, "I think it is possible I would yield up all I possess, even my life, for him. I think our friendship demands it. I have not the slightest doubt that he would do so for me."

Miss Raymond then said: "I am of your opinion;

but when you say that you would yield up everything, do you mean that you would yield up your dearest hope for him?"

"What do you mean? I do not understand you," answered Edgar, who was getting curious to know what Miss Raymond was aiming at.

"Would you give up your love—in fact, would you give up Miss Willoughby to him?"

"That is not in my power. I suppose the lady would have to be consulted as well as myself, would she not? But why do you suggest such a thing?"

"Because," answered Adelaide Raymond, in a subdued voice, 'I believe your friend, Mr. Waldron, is in love with Miss Willoughby, and I do not think that Miss Willoughby knows her own mind—that is to say, I believe that she admires and cares as much for your friend as she does for you."

Edgar Adrian was thunderstruck at Miss Raymond's remarks; the idea was unbearable; yet he thought that it was possible, and this troubled him. In a moment he thought that if it were as Miss Raymond suggested, his duty was clear.

Miss Raymond saw the shaft had taken effect, and said—

"I have watched again and again his manner and behaviour to Miss Willoughby, and I also have remarked her expression when she has been conversing with him. I am confident they are attached to one another."

Edgar quickly replied: "Of course they are. I

trust sincerely that they are: but it is friendship and esteem—those are the sentiments that affect them."

"Well, I have done my duty. I know your noble disposition, Mr. Adrian; and I thought that you would be equal to the test, and give up your love, for your friend's sake, if you became aware of it."

Edgar responded: "Certainly, if I became aware of it, I would."

"Then you doubt my story?" replied Miss Raymond.

"I must be rude enough to say so," Edgar said. "I believe that you are mistaken in their behaviour to one another."

"Very well; time will show."

"Yes," Edgar replied, "time will show; I am content to wait."

Miss Raymond thought that she had pushed the matter far enough for a first effort, and so changed the conversation, by asking Edgar how far he was going.

"I am going to Sunning Wood."

"Shall I accompany you?"

"Certainly, if you please," Edgar replied.

They rode on for a short time in silence, Edgar trying to discover the reason for Miss Raymond's suggestions. He was not long before he understood why she took an interest in the matter, for he remembered what Isabelle had told him. Still, he thought there might be some truth in the matter. She would hardly dare to make such statements

without some belief of their truth, he thought. This idea depressed him.

Miss Raymond saw she had thrown a doubt across his mind, and followed up her advantage by talking about Herbert Waldron's regard for him, saying that their friendship was the admiration of the neighbourhood.

They arrived at the wood, tied their horses to a tree, and wandered together until sufficient flowers were gathered.

They were about remounting. Edgar had lifted Miss Raymond into the saddle, when there was a sound of horses' feet, and in a few seconds Herbert Waldron and Isabelle Willoughby appeared in sight.

"Why, Edgar, this looks like a *tête-à-tête*," Herbert said.

Miss Raymond saw at a glance that an opportunity to further her plans had arisen by accident; and she at once took advantage of it.

"Oh! yes," she replied in a jocular tone, "you have caught us; but it is the first time that you have done so—is it not, Mr. Waldron?"

As she uttered these words she cast her eyes towards Isabelle, who was surprised at Adelaide's remarks, and who was also at a loss why Edgar should be with her so early.

Herbert turned to Miss Raymond, saying—

"Of course it is the first time I have met you riding with Edgar. But what if it were not? Do you attach any importance to it?"

"I do, I assure you," said Miss Raymond. "I enjoy the society of your friend."

"You misunderstand me, Miss Raymond. I asked you whether you attached any importance to our meeting you?"

"Oh! no," replied Miss Raymond, tapping her boot with her riding whip, and trying to assume an air of bashfulness.

"I see you have gathered the flowers you promised me," Isabelle said, addressing Edgar.

"Yes, they brought me here, and gave me the opportunity for my *tête-à-tête* with Miss Raymond," he whispered.

Isabelle smiled. She thought that she understood both her lover and Miss Raymond. The meeting did not arouse her jealousy.

But Edgar was uneasy. He had been cautioned; and, though he did not for one moment believe the suspicion to be right, still his nobility of mind caused him to think how he was to act if it were.

The party now rode back, and Miss Raymond was invited to join them at breakfast. This she declined to do; she thought it would be better to take the invitation as an opportunity to return again during the day, so she said—

"No, I thank you. I will ride round by and bye."

"Edgar, how did you come to be riding out so early with Miss Raymond?" Herbert said to his friend.

"I was riding alone, very slowly, when she overtook me."

"Take care that she does not run away with you," his friend answered. "I think she is a very imaginative lady. Her books are decidedly clever, and her plots so natural," he continued.

Edgar was wondering whether Miss Raymond had been practising as well as plotting. He did not reply to his friend, as he was thinking seriously whether she had not some plan of her own to develop.

Herbert noticed his thoughtfulness, and, turning to Isabelle, he said: "Edgar is in quite a meditative mood."

Edgar replied, saying: "I have heard enough to make me meditate."

"Where—from the birds or the flowers, in the woods or in the air?" Isabelle asked.

Her lover said: "From neither, and in neither—it was on the road."

"What," laughingly asked Isabelle, "has Miss Raymond caused you to reflect? Then she has improved since I last saw her."

"If she has improved I am not aware of it; but she certainly has caused me to reflect," Edgar replied.

"Come, let us have breakfast now, and discuss her propositions afterwards," Herbert said. "That is to say," he continued, "if they are not private ones."

"I am afraid I cannot discuss them," Edgar said.

"Oh! I ask your pardon for my inquisitiveness," Herbert quickly said. "I do not wish you to betray confidence."

They separated to prepare for breakfast, and so the conversation ceased; but Edgar's thoughts troubled him.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### PLOTTING.

MR. RALPH RAYMOND was not at all in his element when at Mrs. Courthope's. The philosophical conversation of the friends never interested him. Edgar's definition of generosity was too much for him to listen to with patience; it quite upset him. The unfortunate catastrophe of Mrs. Courthope's death had detained him with the others until after her funeral.

His daughter had given him a piece of information some time before which had caused him to accept Mrs. Courthope's invitation to accompany her. He did not know that it was at Adelaide's instigation. She desired to have him there, to enable her to ride out with Edgar, whilst Herbert Waldron remained with him. She had told her father that Edgar had been left the bulk of Mrs. Courthope's fortune. He had, therefore, taken prompt steps to see the police after the burglary; he had visited the burglar, who had been captured, had conversed with him, and had

pretended to sympathise with him, as he thought he would thus get some clue to the burglar's companions who had possession of the will. He had telegraphed to his office to have an advertisement inserted in the daily papers, offering a reward for its recovery. He knew of his daughter's desperate love, and was anxious to succeed in being able to get possession of the will, so as to render an obligation to Edgar, who he thought might be influenced to marry Adelaide.

Of course, Adelaide entered heart and soul into her father's plans, and agreed with him that it was, at present, unnecessary to tell Edgar that he was interested in the will. Mr. Raymond's prompt action was rewarded. The will was returned anonymously to him by the burglar's confederates, who thought it might cause the attempt to capture them to be given up. They were shrewd enough to know that, as long as the question of a fortune was involved in their capture, every means of finding them would be used. The will was useless to them, and so it was returned. Ralph Raymond was at a loss to know how to act now that he had possession of it, but his daughter's ability for scheming soon enabled him to decide what to do with it. She explained to him that nobody need ever know that they knew the contents, and so she advised her father to place it in a sealed envelope, without any address or writing upon it, among some of Mrs. Courthope's clothes which had been left at their house when on her last visit. It could then be easily

brought forward as if by accident. They knew that if the next-of-kin took possession the will would easily reinstate the legitimate heir.

Adelaide knew that Edgar was not in want of money; and she was also aware that the acquisition of a fortune would not hinder him from marrying Isabelle; but she trusted to her father's aid, as he had great worldly experience, and was quite a slave to his daughter's desires.

Adelaide Raymond's character was a remarkable one; she was devoted to literary pursuits; her description of authorship was a chapter from her own life; she had studiously cultivated her imagination, and was able to describe scenes and incidents in a most vivid manner; she depicted the passions with great vigour, rendering her books highly sensational. Unfortunately, their tendency was demoralising. Her disposition had been spoilt by her father, who had indulged her in every whim, and her writings showed it. By the constant practice of weaving plots for her novels, she had acquired a taste for scheming. Edgar Adrian was her ideal; and her romantic introduction to him realised the picture of her imagination.

His intellectual powers, united with a tenderness of manner which is always appreciated by a woman, increased her passion, which rendered her desperate, when she discovered that she was, perhaps, too late to win his love. She, therefore, determined to perform a part in the drama of real life similar to those she was in the habit of portraying in her books.

Adelaide Raymond knew that she was both personally and mentally attractive to almost any man. She was aware that her figure was graceful, and how fascinating her handsome face was with its piquant expression. Her blue eyes were able to assume a tenderness that spoke volumes but meant nothing. She was, in fact, an experienced actress; but she was in earnest when she displayed her love for Edgar, or was plotting mischief against Isabelle by striving to prevent him from being successful in his suit with her. Her plans were formed after studying the characters and dispositions of her intended victims. It is true that she had commenced her manœuvres some time ago, when Richard Willoughby brought his sister to see Edgar Adrian at her house; but now she had matured a much deeper plot to gain her desire.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE PLANS OF THE ALTRUIST.

IT was now Herbert Waldron's turn to read a paper at the World of Thought. He was loudly cheered when he commenced, in a melodious voice—

"I daresay that you are all aware that the operation or action that gives us a lasting possession of the contents of this world, a power over the varied phenomena of nature, a control over others and over ourselves, is thought. To teach ourselves to think must, therefore, be our first duty. It is obvious that, where there is such a multiplicity of benefits arising alike to others as well as to ourselves, the plans for cultivating the power ought, by every possible means, to be adopted. The way humanity has been taught to think is, perhaps, worth our consideration. There is no doubt that our animal wants have, in the first instance, stimulated our minds. These wants evidently arouse the thinking power in all, even the lower animals, in which it is commonly called instinct. We want to go far beyond that, although we have doubtless observed that there are a

great many people whose thinking faculties are employed only for the purpose of gratifying their animal desires. By observation, which is an educated use of the senses, a further stage is arrived at, and, according to our powers of observation, are we enabled to gain possession of a much higher faculty, which is called reflection. Now, just reflection and accurate observation are better gained by the study of the sciences than in any other way, because scientific study necessitates close observation, and thus supplies the material for reflection. Continued reference through observation, followed by experiment, which is another form of observation, enables our thoughts to assume a definite form. Without diving too deeply into psychology, I think I may say that the study of a science arouses the imagination. Theory is the work of the imagination and of reason, and is the fruit of scientific study. The choice of the science to be acquired is immaterial. We simply require a definite aim for our thoughts, and the power of becoming useful then increases. We are enabled to forget our own petty interests; and, from one science, we are led to another; in fact, whilst learning one science, we are acquiring the means of learning all. The World of Thought is opened to those who have striven to observe and reflect, and who are thus able to reproduce by memory, and combine and vary by imagination. That 'imagination rules the world' is perfectly true. All works of art are

presented to the mind before they are fashioned, either for use or ornament. Pictures have been said to be 'thoughts hung upon the wall;' and it is easy to conceive that everything we see, made by human hands, has been manufactured after some mental labour. This idea applies only to the inventor, for there are many who only imitate by their work, and who do not belong to the World of Thought. They are essentially hewers of wood and drawers of water. They do good, useful work without thinking. Another class of non-thinkers repeat thoughts and reflections like parrots. As a literary society, it is our business to enlarge the sphere of the World of Thought. I have a plan which I should like to discuss at a future time."

Herbert Waldron then bowed, and resumed his seat.

Trueman then rose, and thanked Herbert Waldron for his interesting paper, and said, "Of course, those who are in advance of the age must expect to be misunderstood."

"I do not consider that I am at all in advance of the age," replied Herbert Waldron.

"Oh! yes, you are," sarcastically replied De Witt. "You are years and years in advance; in fact, I think it will never come up to you, you are so far ahead of it. Take care you do not lose yourself by being left alone."

"You are laughing at me," replied Herbert, "but I can forgive you."

"I am only cautioning you to be careful not to lose your way," repeated De Witt.

"Thank you. Instead of losing my way, I hope I am searching for a way for others as well as for myself."

"Yes; you should mark out the paths in your ideal world; you have pictured to us how everybody can be happy in it. In fact, it will be a paradise. I wonder whether we shall be able to see one another's reflections in it; I also wonder whether my reflections will resemble yours?" said De Witt.

"No; I think they fall short of mine at present," replied Waldron.

"Oh! you mix up metaphor with literal fact, which is painful," said De Witt; "and you are also showing your vanity."

"I do not intend to do so, but you provoke me to explain by your jesting when I am in earnest," replied Herbert Waldron.

"Now that you have explained that you are in earnest, and were in earnest when you expressed your opinions in the paper we have just heard, I must be serious also; but in the World of Thought have bad or evil thoughts any power? You have told us only about the power of thought."

"My World of Thought is not a chapter on ethics; it is only to illustrate the value of thinking; and, if you cannot deduce the value that is to be gained by the consideration of the phenomena of nature,

I must pity your state of mind," Herbert Waldron replied.

"Then you will not enlighten us as to evil thoughts?" replied De Witt, smiling as he spoke.

"No; that is not my intention. My aim is to teach people to think; in fact, to bring them into the World of Thought."

"And your conveyances are through observation and reflection, which, you say, improve the imagination? I find not much observation and very little reflection in many of the novels that are supposed to be produced by the imagination of their authors."

"I agree with you. Many are written without serious thought, and read by those who do not want to think; hence they must be sensational to interest them."

Trueman, who was the author of several works of fiction, thought the shaft was meant for him, and said: "Why not advise authors to study psychology and some of the sciences necessary to master it, such as physiology and chemistry? Then their books might become text books as well as novels. I have already a title for my next. I shall name it, 'The Text Book Novel,' and explain upon the title page that it has been written to amuse and to instruct the readers when requiring work and play together; in fact, so that one may rest the brain one minute and work it the following."

Herbert Waldron saw that he was purposely misunderstood, and, therefore, remained silent; but

Trueman continued the conversation by saying, "Well, I like your World of Thought very much indeed, and, if you are in earnest, you have the means of developing your ideas."

"You have divined my intentions," Herbert Waldron replied, "and, therefore, if you please, you shall now hear what I purpose doing."

Trueman laughed, and said, "You are surely jesting?"

"No he is not," replied De Witt, who also was laughing. "I know by his expression he is in earnest. He is now about to read his will; I hope I am down for a good round sum."

"I am not about reading my last will, but what I am willing to do; and, with your permission, I shall explain," responded Herbert.

"Do not interrupt Waldron any more, but listen," said De Witt.

"Both my friend Adrian and myself have devised a plan for developing the World of Thought," Herbert Waldron commenced.

"Stop!" said Edgar; "you are endeavouring to give me credit for an idea which is entirely your own, though I agree with it; and, moreover, you forget you also place me in the awkward position of arranging how you are to spend your own money."

"Never mind, old fellow," said Herbert.

"Let him do so," interrupted De Witt.

"Let him go on," said Trueman. He was anxious to know what Waldron intended to do.

"I have arranged for spending a portion of my fortune in building upon my estate a series of halls, which are to be devoted to the study of the different sciences, and I intend endowing them with sufficient money to enable my executors to carry out my ideas after my death. I intend to appoint the very best men I can find as instructors and lecturers, who are to take up their abode on my estate, and who are to deliver a lecture once a fortnight. In the interim they are to spend their time in experiment and study, the result of which my friends and myself are to be permitted to see and learn. I intend to have then a series of scientific books written and printed, and sold at a nominal price. The results of the labours of the professors will then be rendered valuable to a large number of people. My friends will be invited to attend the scientific soirées whenever they please, and will benefit in one way, whilst the world at large will be able to study the results of their united labour."

Trueman here said, "This is certainly a grand idea. What has influenced you to do it?"

"I will tell you. I have inherited a large fortune without having performed any labour to obtain it, and without possessing any absolute merit. I have cultivated the power of appreciation, which has been a great delight to me; and I believe that scientific knowledge is instrumental to happiness. It enables man to discover and increase benefits. It also increases man's enjoyment of the phenomena of Nature,

compensating him for his labour in a manner unattainable in any other way. I have experienced such delight in the gradual acquisition of scientific facts that I am determined to spend my fortune in giving all who choose a participation in my pleasures. I perceive clearly that my plans will not diminish the pleasure I get from my fortune, but add to it."

De Witt exclaimed, "I tell you frankly it is a marvel to me that your plan has not been adopted before. The scope for doing good by giving increased zest for mental improvement is enormous in your case, and your plan is thorough. Doubtless it will be considered ridiculous by many, but I am certain it will be successful."

"So am I," said Edgar Adrian.

"The very consideration of it makes me perfectly happy," said Herbert Waldron.

Trueman then asked, "What sciences do you intend to have specially developed?"

"Oh," replied Waldron, "when I have found my professors, we shall all meet to discuss the best method, though I am inclined for chemistry, physiology, the science of language, astronomy, and botany. Mental phenomena, of course, will be discussed; but I shall place myself in the hands of the learned men I hope to get together."

"Do you intend them all to live on your estate?" asked De Witt.

"Certainly, in separate houses. You know the extent of it and I think there is ample room."

"I should think there is. Have you calculated the expense? It will be enormous," continued De Witt.

"Yes, I have; and I find that it will not cost so much as keeping a yacht, a drag, a box at the opera, and a few other luxuries. The pleasure of seeing a direct benefit accrue from money I have not acquired by my own labour will enable me to bear with an inheritance that otherwise would be a mill-stone around my neck."

"Why, if only two men in a generation had possessed your noble ideas there would not have been half so much misery. Scientific education would have combated the superstition that has acted like an evil genius upon the world," said Trueman.

Herbert Waldron answered him in a measured tone. "You call my thoughts noble; and you remark that two men in a generation with my ideas would have improved the world. Were you to add the number of noble-minded people without any fortunes who have held my ideas, and carried them out under the greatest trials, you would find that the amount of time and wealth of thought already bestowed upon the carrying out of plans to benefit humanity far exceed my intended efforts. Mine will be like only a drop in the ocean."

"True," interrupted Edgar, "but you inaugurate a new era—you possess an enormous fortune. You have inherited it, as you say, without having performed any labour; you feel that it is your duty to

make the best use of it for humanity; and you intend to bestow not only your fortune but your time. I think you are setting a great example. Your devoting so much of your fortune to humanity in your lifetime is an utter contradiction to what Dr. Colton says in his 'Lacon.' I agree entirely with your plans, and will be both proud and happy to aid you in the work."

Herbert Waldron said, "I knew my young philosopher well, and quite expected his co-operation. I am sure the members of the World of Thought will aid, as I now ask your permission to borrow the title of our literary club for the establishment I purpose erecting, especially as I mean to endow it. Will you all agree to that?"

"We will," replied all, as with one voice.

"I now think I shall be able to get some of my professors at once."

"You will," they again replied.

"By the bye, De Witt," Elgar Adrian asked, "what does Dr. Colton say in his 'Lacon?'"

"Oh! he says that 'when people, at their death, leave their fortunes to charities instead of bestowing them in their lifetime, they make their souls their heirs.'"

A general vote of thanks was then proposed to Herbert Waldron.

The enthusiasm he had created afforded him much pleasure. He felt that he would see some of his most cherished hopes developed with the assistance

of those who were capable to carry them out. The members of the World of Thought were, on the other hand, delighted to find they had not over-estimated Herbert Waldron's title to altruist.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### EGOISM VERSUS ALTRUISM.

THE morning following that upon which Herbert Waldron had discussed his plans for spending a portion of his fortune he again accompanied Edgar to the club. De Witt exclaimed, the moment he saw the two friends—

"Oh! we have been awaiting your arrival. I wanted to tell you when you were here last that Richard Willoughly had converted all of us. I have joined several charitable societies since listening to his paper, and I intend lecturing to the people upon every opportunity to show them my benevolent ideas, so that when the terrible revenge of the world upon society commences I may escape."

Willoughby laughed, and said, "You will not escape. You appear too much like an aristocrat to go unscathed."

"Oh! do I?" said De Witt; "then in that case I am content to be killed."

"No, you are too witty to be taken for a swell. Willoughby is jesting with you," said Trueman.

"Why! do not swells jest?"

"Certainly not. Lord Chesterfield says it is absolutely vulgar to laugh, and if you utter a joke you might cause someone to laugh. In that case you would be worse than he who laughed."

"Did Lord Chesterfield say so?"

"Yes. I will repeat his very words, and give his reasons."

"I know you have a good memory," said De Witt; "so tell them word for word."

"I will," responded Willoughby. "Lord Chesterfield said, 'Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners: it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things, and they call it being merry. In my mind there is nothing so illiberal and so ill-bred as audible laughter. True wit or sense never yet made anybody laugh: they are above it, they please the mind and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery or silly accidents that always excite laughter, and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. Laughter is easily restrained by a little reflection; but, as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition, and am as willing and apt to be pleased as anybody, but I am sure that since I have had the full use of my reason nobody has ever heard me laugh. Many people at first, from awkwardness and *mauvais honte*, have got

a very disagreeable and silly trick of laughing whenever they speak.' "

"After what you have said about Lord Chesterfield's opinion, I will never jest any more. After hearing the last address, I felt that life was becoming too serious for a joke."

"You know La Rochefoucauld's maxim?" Trueman said.

"No; what is it?" responded De Witt.

"Why," he replied, "that life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."

"Is it not possible for life to be both, sometimes a tragedy and at others a comedy?" quickly responded De Witt.

"Yes," was the general response.

"Oh, by the by," said Trueman, "what has become of your idea as to keeping a diary of the mind?"

"Become of it? Why, I have written pages of it."

"Have you it with you?"

"Yes," said De Witt, "he has."

"No," replied Herbert Waldron; "I do not carry my diary in my pocket."

De Witt then said, "Then I will now read you another small essay which appears in the pocket-book I found. It is rather bitter, but it may interest you all."

"You mean," ejaculated Trueman, "that you want to read another one of your own effusions; but read on," he continued.

"Yes, do," was the general chorus.

De Witt then again produced the pocket-book and read, emphasising the sentiments as if he had studied them.

"There are some people who consider that the whole world has been created especially for their benefit, and that mankind must be subservient to them and their interests. They are entirely devoid of sympathy for the sufferings of others. They have been placed, by accidental circumstances, in power, and they always use it for their own especial benefit. They assume a dignity to which they are not entitled, as they do not possess the slightest nobility of mind, and they are often without the least ability. They deserve to be treated as vermin, and should be opposed upon every opportunity. They are useless to the progress of humanity. They seek to retard it in every possible way. They are the remnants of the tyrants of a bygone age. Their sentiments are now and then expressed when in the company of those whom they consider in an equal position. Their character is apparent. It is stamped upon their faces, plainly indicating that they consider those with whom they come into contact tools and slaves, to minister to their comforts and pleasures.

"This is a sentiment quite independent of that which separates one class of mind from another, because that appears a natural distinction. The feeling that we condemn is that which exhibits itself in the total disregard of the consideration that is due from one

human being to another. It is hidden in many instances by sham sentiment and pretended religion. It remains for those who have real benevolent ideas to oppose this treacherous enemy to human nature, and to endeavour to crush it out.

"Shakespeare expresses the thought in the lines—

> 'Consideration like an angel came,
> And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.'

"It might be as well were we to whip the tyranny out of those who strive to impose upon humanity by their arbitrary conduct."

"What a fierce denunciation you have read to us," said Edgar.

"Yes, I think he has been studying it, though it should have commenced, 'Friends, Romans, and Countrymen, lend me your ears,'" Trueman rejoined.

"Lend me your hearts," Herbert Waldron suggested.

"Yes," replied De Witt, "that is evidently what the writer meant."

"Oh, De Witt, end your wicked deception, and own you are the author."

"I am now the possessor of the pocket-book, gentlemen. I have previously stated this to you. I can acknowledge no more."

The members were unanimous in thinking that the author of the essay must be a cynic. They had admired the thoughts on happiness, and they thought

that there was much truth in what they had just heard.

"Was there no title to the essay?" Willoughby asked.

"Yes," replied De Witt, "it is entitled 'Egoism *versus* Altruism.'"

After some minutes general conversation upon the subject, the members separated, still ignorant of the name of the rightful owner of the pocket-book.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

DUPLICITY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

EDGAR pondered over the conversation he had unwillingly entered into with Adelaide Raymond; and he was convinced that, if her information was correct, it was his duty to sacrifice himself for his friend, though he did not desire to end his dream of happiness. That Adelaide Raymond was in love with him he perceived; in fact, it gave him hope that she had been attempting to deceive him on that account.

Adelaide Raymond's love for him would, Edgar felt, not induce him to marry her, even were he released from his engagement to Isabelle. Adelaide reasoned that, as she had only cautioned Edgar, he dare not divulge that she had put him on his guard, or raised his suspicions; but she fondly hoped that he would marry her, if only out of pique. Edgar was awaiting a favourable opportunity for ascertaining Isabelle's position in the matter before he mentioned a word to his friend. Isabelle was so full of spirits, and appeared so happy in his company, that he was

persuaded Adelaide had been mistaken; yet he felt that he owed both his friend and Isabelle a duty far beyond his own happiness, and he was urged by his nobility of mind to find out the truth. He considered that Miss Raymond had great observation; but he did not know how far a designing woman would go to gain her ends.

Adelaide Raymond met Edgar again a few mornings after she had explained her suspicions to him, and asked him whether he had been able to confirm her remarks about Isabelle and Herbert. He at once replied by asking her whether she believed he could perform the part of a spy on their actions.

"No, I did not suggest that you should," Adelaide quietly answered. "I wished to know only whether you now believe my surmises."

"What I believe or do not believe, Miss Raymond, cannot affect you. You volunteered a statement to me—I was obliged to listen to it."

"And what are you going to do?" she demanded.

"What am I going to do?" he answered. "That you should ask me such a question is very extraordinary. You appear to be very interested in my actions."

Adelaide well knew that if she were to tell him how interested she really was, it might raise in him suspicions of her duplicity. But she thought she might make an effort. So she said:

"I have often visited Sunningdale, and frequently found Isabelle and Herbert having a *tête-à-tête* in her

studio, and on more than one occasion I have asked her to admit me there, but she has always politely refused."

Edgar remembered that Isabelle would never admit him there, and was surprised to hear Adelaide Raymond assert that Herbert was allowed the privilege when he was refused. He thought that, if this were true, what she had asserted a few days ago might also be true. But he did not express his dawning suspicions to Miss Raymond. He excused himself from remaining, telling her that he was going away, and that it was necessary he now returned home.

"Well, good-bye, then, Mr. Adrian. I hope next time I see you that you will be convinced my anxiety for your happiness has not caused me to raise any unjust suspicions in your mind."

Edgar rode back to the house in a very uncomfortable state of mind, and met Herbert on the steps, who asked, "Have you had another *tête-à-tête* with Miss Raymond?"

"I have," answered Edgar, who saw that he might now learn something of the matter that troubled him, "and she complains that she has been refused permission to enter Isabelle's studio."

"Well," answered Herbert, "what if she has been? Is that so serious?"

"She also says that you were with Isabelle in her studio one morning when she was refused admittance, and that she thought it was rude of Isabelle not to admit her when you were there."

"Oh, indeed," answered Herbert. "If that is her opinion, then she should state it to Isabelle. I enter her studio only by her invitation, and when Miss Raymond's presence is desired, she will doubtless be admitted."

Edgar had heard quite enough. He mechanically repeated Herbert's words, "When her presence is desired."

"Do you intend to tell Miss Raymond my opinion?" Herbert jestingly remarked.

Edgar looked steadfastly at Herbert, and said: "No, I do not." He then abruptly turned his horse's head to the road, and, saying to Herbert, "I shall be back in an hour or so," was soon out of sight.

Herbert stood gazing after him for a few minutes in astonishment. He considered that Edgar's behaviour lately had been peculiar, and his abrupt manner this morning was certainly unaccountable.

There is no trouble so great as that which comes unexpectedly. We are unprepared for it. The mind is affected by the contrast, and the misery is heightened. There is only one way of escaping it, and that is by ceaseless occupation. Edgar knew this, and was determined to arouse himself from the shock. His noble disposition would not allow him to act as a spy upon either his friend or Isabelle, and he therefore decided upon asking Isabelle to release him at once from his engagement, and leaving Sunningdale. He could not understand why Herbert should be admitted to Isabelle's studio,

whilst he was always refused. He had now, he thought, to do his duty, let the sacrifice cost him ever so much. After riding for more than four hours, he returned to the house, quite determined to break off his engagement. Adelaide Raymond's plans were therefore in a fair way of being successful.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

RECONCILIATION.

EDGAR was now about to go through an ordeal for which he thought that he had prepared himself. The only solace for his great disappointment was that he would be doing his duty. The thought that he should be acting justly in ending his engagement did not destroy his love for Isabelle, though it nerved him for the task he had to perform. He had arranged his plans for leaving Sunningdale, and he had determined to ask Isabelle to release him from his engagement to her without giving her any reason for so doing.

To Herbert Waldron he intended to say merely good-bye. Neither his love for the one nor his friendship for the other had abated, so that he could be tender and sympathetic in bidding his adieux. He thought it was the accident of circumstances, over which he had no control, that had shattered his hopes. The circumstances, it is true, were of dreadful import to him, and he was borne down by their weight. The sacrifice must come sooner or later ,and he thought the sooner the better.

The favourable opportunity for asking Isabelle to break off the engagement occurred one afternoon as she said to him :—

"I have now had a long holiday, and I think I must return to my pupils."

Edgar promptly replied :—

"I have also arranged to leave here the day after to-morrow. I am going abroad."

"What did you say?" exclaimed Isabelle, who doubted whether she had rightly understood him.

"I said," replied Edgar, "I am about to leave Sunningdale."

"Why? Do you think I can remain without you?"

"I do not think I need tell you anything but the exact fact, and that is that I have lately felt that I require a change, and before I go I—I," stammered Edgar, "I wish you to release me from my engagement to you."

"Why, Edgar, what do you mean? What have I either said or done that you should ask me to terminate our engagement?"

Edgar did not reply, but he looked into her face. It was easily read. There was no dissimulation—it was an expression of genuine surprise, mixed with sorrow.

After waiting a few moments without receiving any reply from Edgar, Isabelle thought he must have some reason for acting thus, and so she said :—

"Certainly, Edgar. If you really mean what you

say, you are free from this moment, but please give me your reason."

"If my reason is not already known to you, then time will supply it," he answered, bitterly.

He had determined not to enter into any explanation; he thought if he did so it might provoke him to say something he might afterwards regret.

His evasion was most perplexing to Isabelle. She had not the remotest idea of the cause of his present behaviour.

"Good-bye. Farewell, Isabelle. I trust you will be happy without me."

"Edgar, Edgar, give me your reason for leaving me!" she cried.

He waved his hand to her as he left the room; he could not reply.

She was at a complete loss to understand Edgar's behaviour. She thought that he must have made up his mind to act as he had done when at Mrs. Courthope's. She knew that Adelaide Raymond had also been there on a visit, and that, if she had determined to misrepresent her to Edgar, she had ample opportunity.

Then, again, she believed in Edgar's noble disposition, and that he could not entertain any wrong of her.

She was painfully aroused from her dream of happiness. She had pictured to herself a lifetime of love with her ideal. Now her mind was filled with dismay. She was at a complete loss to understand

why Edgar should have asked her to release him from his engagement; and when, overcome by surprise, she asked the reason, she was only asked if she did not know it.

Having taxed her mind again and again without being able to conjecture any cause she had given, she began to believe that Edgar had discovered that his love for her had vanished, and that he, therefore, considered it wise to inform her of his desire to break off their engagement. She went upstairs to her studio in a sad mood. There was the portrait of Edgar upon her easel, wanting but a few finishing strokes. Her continual observation of his features and expression had enabled her to render her picture a life-like resemblance.

The surprise she intended for him had been painfully transferred into a surprise for herself.

She was in a dilemma. She did not know whether it would not be advisable for her to leave Sunningdale at once. If she remained, she thought, it would seem that she was desirous of forcing herself upon Edgar's society. She was therefore determined to write to her brother, to ask him to fetch her away at once; but the sudden misery that she had experienced overpowered her; and, before she could carry out her intentions, she fell from her chair insensible.

Meanwhile Edgar, who considered that he had performed only half his duty, feared he might have been too abrupt in his manner to Isabelle; and, wishing to see her again before his departure, went to her studio,

and knocked at her door. There was no answer. He knocked again and again—still no answer.

Isabelle wished to finish Edgar's portrait before ermitting him to see it. She had never allowed him to visit her studio. He was, therefore, uncertain what to do. At last he decided to enter. He could never understand the reason that she had objected to his entering her room. It was now obvious. There, before him, was his own portrait, and Isabelle was lying apparently lifeless on the floor. He was again at a loss what to do. He had now discovered, in what appeared to him an unfair manner, the reason of her refusing to allow him to visit her studio; and yet he did not like to retreat and leave her unattended.

He thought that it would be advisable to ring the bell and then leave her, so that the secret of the portrait might remain apparently unknown to him. To Edgar, artifice was not very agreeable; and the thought of leaving her without telling her that he had discovered her secret had no sooner suggested tself than it was dismissed from his mind. He, therefore, rang for assistance. Isabelle was soon restored to consciousness; and, seeing Edgar present, could not understand or recollect why he was in her studio.

Edgar, noticing her surprise, said, "I knocked and knocked, and, receiving no reply, entered, and found you insensible, so I rang for assistance. I will not trouble you now with my presence."

Before she could reply he had left the room.

It was now necessary for Edgar to explain to Herbert his intention of leaving Sunningdale, but he had hardly the courage to do so.

Herbert had noticed Edgar's haggard appearance, and was quite uneasy about it. He also observed that, instead of being with him continually, he seemed to shun his society. The friends had been so long together that their pains and pleasures had always been interchanged. Herbert now saw that Edgar was disinclined to be communicative; but he was determined to find out, if possible, the cause of Edgar's reticence and evident ill-health, so that when Edgar, who had just left Isabelle, met him in the hall, Herbert said—

"What is the matter with you, Edgar? You seem quite agitated."

"I want a change of scene, and I have determined to leave here."

"Nonsense, Edgar; what do you mean?" exclaimed Herbert, who now saw that something was seriously affecting Edgar's peace of mind.

"To tell you the truth, Herbert, I believe that you and Isabelle are better adapted to one another than she and I. I am aware of your love for one another, and so I shall leave you to enjoy your happiness."

"Edgar, you must be mad!" indignantly exclaimed Herbert. "My regard for Isabelle is that of a brother. Is it possible that you could contemplate leaving Isabelle without telling her what you have told me?"

"She has already released me from my engagement to her," said Edgar.

"Good heavens! you must certainly be mad," cried Herbert. "What has aroused your suspicions?"

Edgar then related all that he had heard from Miss Raymond, which was emphatically denied by Herbert. The sight of his own portrait in Isabelle's studio had already caused Edgar to perceive the falsity of his suspicions.

"Go at once to Isabelle, and state the circumstances of our interview, and relieve her mind. I know of her great love for you. Do you wish to break her heart?"

Edgar replied by saying, "I really believed you were attached to one another, and I was willing to make the sacrifice for my friend and the woman I love better than my own happiness. But now I am thoroughly convinced of my folly, and I ask your forgiveness."

"Noble, generous man, you have it, and now go to Isabelle at once."

"Come with me," said Edgar.

They both went to her studio. Isabelle opened the door, wondering what next she was to hear.

"Miss Willoughby, what do you think? Edgar has actually informed me that he believed you and I were in love with one another, and he also told me he was going away."

"Yes, he has already broken off his engagement with me," she replied.

"So he tells me; and he now desires to renew it, and to entreat your forgiveness," said Herbert.

"I have been most dreadfully misled," said Edgar.

"You need say no more. I guess the whole plot," said Isabelle. "Adelaide Raymond has suggested the idea to your mind."

"It is true," said Edgar. "She said she had noticed a growing love between you and Herbert, and that you were together in the studio whenever she called, and I thought I ought to make a sacrifice if it were true."

"And I was not to be consulted at all, simply to be at your disposal?" enquired Isabelle. "But I forgive you, Edgar, it has proved to me your nobility of mind as well as your courage."

"I think I must ask Miss Raymond to make no more visits to Sunningdale," said Herbert. "Her treachery is evident. I will now leave you together, if you will promise me not to quarrel again in my absence." Herbert did not wait for a reply.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### COLLAPSE OF GENERAL PATENTS COMPANY.

THE General Patents Company, which had been floated by Messrs. Raymond and Quale, who had procured the necessary capital, had now been established for some time. It was managed by a board, chosen by Mr. Ralph Raymond. They were all men who had no knowledge of business, but were under his direction. He had procured his election to the position of chairman of the company by their votes. The services of the directors and of the chairman were paid by the usual fees for each board meeting, and also by a gift of shares in the company. The solicitor to the company was a Mr. Clack, who was Mr. Raymond's private solicitor. The accountant, a Mr. Dilion, was also a friend of Mr. Raymond, and well-known to Mr. Clack. Mr. Dilion had had the winding-up of several companies promoted by Messrs. Raymond and Quale; and Mr. Clack had been employed as solicitor to the creditors in many cases. The fertile mind of Mr. Ralph Raymond produced for both himself and them a large amount of business, so many of the companies

promoted by Messrs. Raymond and Quale having been wound-up by order of the court. The litigation that invariably accompanies the winding-up of a company requires the services of a solicitor as well as of an accountant; because, although some companies are initiated under the most brilliant auspices, the results of their trading fail to satisfy the shareholders, some of whom are stupid enough to desire to enquire into the causes of their company's not making a dividend. These shareholders often selfishly ruin a company by threatening to throw it into liquidation, or even bankruptcy, when they cannot perceive sufficient reasons for the loss of the capital that has been subscribed.

Mr. Raymond had a method of protecting his co-directors and himself in such cases. It was simple, but satisfactory. He was acquainted with many members of the Stock Exchange; and the companies he promoted soon had their shares quoted. Mr. Ralph Raymond generally managed to declare a good dividend at the first and second general meetings of the companies he promoted; and this had the effect of sending the shares up. A market was then made, and herein was a ready method for selling or buying the shares at a good profit.

There appears a similarity in the uses of the pawnbroker's shop with those of the Stock Exchange. The pawnbroker innocently enables the possessor of articles obtained in an illegal way to dispose of them; and in the Stock Exchange persons often dispose of

shares obtained by misrepresentation or fraud. The Stock Exchange innocently affords a ready means for those who have formed companies, and entered into liabilities in connection with them, to release themselves from a burden they intended only temporarily to bear.

The combination of such astute minds as those of Mr. Ralph Raymond, Mr. Clack, and Mr. Dilion, gave plenty of work to Her Majesty's Judges, who enquired into their united operations with great interest. It was an interest that had been produced after the expenditure of much capital that had been diverted from the pockets of credulous shareholders into those of the promoter and his friends. That people should engage in businesses over which they have little or no control, and about which they seldom or never understand anything, appears remarkable. How does it occur? At first it seems improbable that it should ever happen; but, with a little reflection, it may be found easy to account for. Labour is, by many, considered vulgar; but wealth, the result of labour, they think necessary. Then the question arises, how can wealth be procured without labour? "Nothing easier," says the company promoter. "Nothing more legitimate," says the promoter's solicitor; and "Nothing easier than to avoid the liability of non-success—it has only to be wound-up," says the accountant to the company, "if affairs do not prosper. The liability is limited to the amount of your shares."

It appears, then, if a mind capable of evolving a scheme that may produce wealth to some without their labouring for it, investors will unite to form companies. The General Patents Company was an excellent idea; and, with such a chairman, was thought to be as good as a gold mine. The shares, consequently, were soon quoted at a high premium. The chairman and the directors could not resist this high premium, and quietly employed some friends to deal in the shares. They sold, and they bought, and they realised good round sums, retaining only a sufficient number of shares to qualify them to be directors, some, being satisfied with their profits, retiring from time to time from the board, and giving place to others.

The sums realised by dealing in the shares on the Stock Exchange compensated those who remained on the board for any contingency that might arise through bad bargains with inventors. A judge upon the bench has said that, of the many thousands of patents, very few, under even the most careful management, prove remunerative either to the investor or to those who invented them.

The case of the General Patents Company was one that bore out the learned judge's remarks. The General Patents Company collapsed; and the unfortunate shareholders found that the company had lost seven-eights of its capital; but, in lieu thereof, was possessed of a number of worthless patents, and had a number of law-suits to contest.

Meanwhile Mr. Ralph Raymond had made his profit, and so had his friends. A few shareholders were ruined—but what of that? How many ingenious inventors had been able to sell their patents through his instrumentality, and was there not now ample occupation for both Mr. Clack and Mr. Dilion? Were not Mr. Ralph Raymond and his friends at liberty now to turn their attention to the promoting of other companies that might benefit mankind?

The reflections of Mr. Ralph Raymond were of this nature, and compensated him for the non-success of the General Patents Company. He retired into the country, attended church regularly, listened to his daughter's sensational novels, and was altogether comforted.

The Limited Liability Act was framed to develop business. Unfortunately, it frequently increased the business of the law courts. The Act has given occupation to many thousands of well-connected, able, trustworthy men. Who can grumble if such is the act?

Cases such as we have just described are of frequent occurrence; and they stimulate the energy and ability of the promoters. It being proved in the case of the General Patents Company that Mr. Ralph Raymond, when chairman of the company, had bought patents of inventors for one price, and sold them at a much higher one to the General Patents Company, pocketing the difference, an enquiry was instituted, and he had to disgorge his ill-gotten gains,

and pay the costs of the enquiry. It was also proved that his solicitor had aided and abetted him, and he was struck off the rolls.

The directors of the company were held innocent of any conspiracy to defraud because it was proved that they knew nothing whatever of Mr. Ralph Raymond's transactions; and it was also proved that they knew nothing whatever about business, and had joined the company for the purpose of getting the fees, which is not only permitted, but admitted to be an honourable way of earning money, although the practice has procured for them the title of "Guinea Pigs."

The accountant was admitted to be quite ignorant of the way in which the business of the company was transacted. He had to arrange the accounts of the company, and had acted under the direction of the chairman. He had kept the accounts from vouchers, and other documents, which had been supplied by the chairman and secretary; and he had rendered his balance-sheet from time to time in such a form that it could bear the closest inspection. His honourable connection with the company ceased before half the capital had been lost.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE REWARD OF TREACHERY.

ADELAIDE RAYMOND was much shocked at her father's misfortune, especially as her extravagant tastes could no longer be indulged.

She thought of the will that was lying where she had placed it, and how useful it could now be made. Her artifices to produce a breach between Edgar and Isabelle, she perceived, had failed, for she had seen them together again and again, and often accompanied by Herbert Waldron and his mother.

She had one day called at Sunningdale, and had seen Mrs. Waldron and Herbert, but neither Isabelle nor Edgar had appeared—they were too disgusted with her behaviour. She asked Herbert for the reason they did not come to see her. He explained the whole matter, even to Edgar's offering to break off his engagement. This was enough for Adelaide Raymond; she determined to destroy the will.

Her love for Edgar had changed to intense hate. She easily imagined what his opinion must be of her now that her treachery had been discovered.

She went home and consulted her father. He advised her not to destroy the will, as it was impossible to foresee what changes might take place. Adelaide Raymond was not in the mood to take her father's advice, so she removed it from the envelope and substituted a folded paper. She then deliberately threw it into the fire.

It was unfortunate for both herself and her father that she had destroyed the will. The burglar who had restored it to Ralph Raymond had retained the advertisement, and he thought that it might be possible to get a further sum from the advertiser. He had allowed a long time to elapse before making his demand; but now, being much pressed for money, he was determined to try his luck. So one morning Ralph Raymond received a letter from the man, stating that, before restoring the will, he had read its contents; and, having been a lawyer's clerk before he had rendered himself amenable to the law, had saved a copy of it, knowing its great value. He also stated that he had found out that the rightful heir had not been allowed to come into possession, and therefore he supposed that Mr. Raymond was using the money. He said that, under these circumstances, he hoped Mr. Raymond would give him enough to live upon.

Mr. Raymond showed the letter to Adelaide, saying it appeared necessary to restore the will at once. Adelaide was then obliged to confess that she had destroyed it. Her father did not at first believe

her; but when she produced the envelope, and showed its contents to him, he was completely paralysed with fear. Adelaide saw that she had ruined both her father and herself. She was now the victim of her own crime.

The father and daughter sat for some time without exchanging a word. At last he said—

"There is only one way of settling this. We shall have to leave here at once."

Adelaide was not at all loth to leave a neighbourhood where she had experienced so much humiliation and bitter disappointment, brought upon herself by her uncontrolled passion and treachery.

The burglar, who had received no reply from Mr. Raymond, wrote again; and, this having no effect, went to Edgar and informed him of the facts, showing him the copy he had made of Mrs. Courthope's will. Edgar and Herbert considered the matter for some time. Edgar was not at all disposed to disturb the next-of-kin, who was in possession, and Herbert agreed with him that that would be the most generous course to take. They, however, decided that Mr. Raymond should be made aware of his criminal position in relation to the affair; but when they called at his house, they found that he and his daughter had gone away without leaving any clue to their whereabouts.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CONCLUSION.

THREE years had now elapsed since the plans of Herbert Waldron and Edgar Adrian had first been put into execution, and the members of the World of Thought continued to aid the work of the altruist and his friend.

Edgar and Isabelle had agreed to postpone their marriage until the whole of Herbert's plan should be accomplished. Their co-operation had materially aided him, who had bestowed both his time and so large a portion of his fortune for the benefit of humanity.

Isabelle's and Edgar's love for one another had produced an enthusiasm that had given additional impetus to the work that was now benefiting society. They were with Herbert Waldron, from time to time, evolving the plans that had developed far beyond the most sanguine hopes of the mind that had inaugurated "The World of Thought."

Isabelle and Edgar had ample time to enjoy one another's society; and had proved to one another that their congeniality of mind and disposition fitted them to become man and wife. The three years that had

elapsed since their engagement had bound them together with indissoluble mental ties, and now the time had arrived for their nuptials. They both knew that they had aided Herbert Waldron and the members of the World of Thought in rearing a structure that would afterwards afford them many an hour of happiness.

Herbert Waldron was anxious their marriage should be no longer delayed. He knew that he had been the cause of its postponement; but he was delighted to observe that their desire to devote their time to carry out his plans had increased their love for one another. The wedding-day was at last fixed. The marriage took place in one of the halls of the World of Thought, in the presence of all the members.

The work of the altruist was accomplished. He saw not only that his own ideas had prospered, but that he had inspired others to erect similar establishments, upon even a grander scale.

A gigantic stride had been made through his noble efforts to emancipate mankind from some of its misery. He spent most of his leisure with Isabelle and Edgar; and when, at last, he was on his way "to the bourne whence no traveller returns," he parted from them with the words, "I believe that I am even now not leaving 'The World of Thought.'"

# BEFORE I BEGAN TO SPEAK.

## BY A BABY.

*POST FREE, 6d.*

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
THE FIRST EFFORTS (IN A LITERARY WAY)
FROM ONE BELONGING TO
THE MOST HELPLESS CLASS IN CREATION,
IS TRUSTFULLY

**Dedicated**

TO ALL
MOTHERS AND FATHERS, GRANDMOTHERS AND GRANDFATHERS,
SISTERS AND BROTHERS, AUNTS AND UNCLES,
IN FACT,
TO EVERY ONE WHO HAS SEEN
A BABY.

"Before I Began to Speak," and "How to Become Witty." These clever little books are by the same author. They are capital reading and full of fun.—PUBLIC OPINION.

"Before I Began to Speak," by a Baby, and "How to Become Witty," by the same author, are two clever little works combining wit and wisdom.—SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Published at the Fleet Printing Works, 14, Whitefriars Street, E.C.
And at all Booksellers and Railway Bookstalls.

**10th to 15th THOUSAND.**

Just Published, Post free, 1s., Bound 2s.

# THE BEAUTIES OF FESTUS,

By A STUDENT.

## Selections from PHILIP J. BAILEY'S Celebrated Poem.

"We have been favoured with advance sheets of this charming little volume. The selections have been judiciously made, and the letterpress is quite in harmony with the beautiful thoughts with which it is associated."

Few books so readily supply the collector of rich passages with apt gleanings as "Festus," which has already passed through

**Thirty Editions in America and Ten in England.**

The *Athenæum*, the *Literary World*, the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal*, and over one hundred and fifty-eight (158) other papers in England, have given favourable reviews.

---

The following, are from some of the London papers. The Country ones appear upon the facing page.

"There is much in it, the interest of which will be enduring. The selection before us, made with care and judgment, will fulfil its aim if it awakens a desire to peruse the original, from which many striking and powerful passages have been put together."—*Queen.*

"This little volume of selections, which merits the gratitude both of those who have read the original and of those who have not."—*The Literary World.*

"A literary garland of high poetic thoughts, that will delight all who turn to it."—*Lloyd's Newspaper.*

"'A Student' seems to have earnestly and successfully tried to pick the most costly gems from Bailey's literary diamond mine."—*Modern Society.*

"One remarkable characteristic of the work is its comprehensiveness. In turn the poet dilates on most topics that can interest the human heart, and in every case the beauty of the diction is extreme."—*English Mechanic.*

"The poetry enters so exquisitely into all the sympathies of human nature, alike delightful to the young and old."—*Gardening Illustrated.*

"Between the covers of this little volume will be found the choicest and most forceful passages from Mr. Philip James Bailey's justly celebrated poem."—*Publisher's Circular*, Oct. 1st.

"It was always wise and beautiful, and the present selections will amply justify the high opinion which has long been entertained of 'Festus.'" —*Tablet.*

"The compiler of the 'Beauties' has done his work well."—*Echo.*

"In an incautious moment I opened the leaves of 'Festus.' From that moment work was impossible. I read on, and on, and on; devils awaiting uncorrected 'proofs' whistled and danced on the threshold. I was deep in 'Festus'; no plummet line could recall me, no grappling iron drag me forth."—*Fun*, Oct. 1st.

"One more literary mem., and I have done. 'A Student' has compiled 'The Beauties of Festus,' and Messrs. Longmans have published the opuscule! The selections from Philip James Bailey's renowned poem are made with discrimination and reverence, and I congratulate the editor on the successful manner in which he has performed his labour of love. The book has already attained a large circulation."—*Evening News*, Nov. 6th, 1884.

---

Published by LONGMANS & Co.; of all Booksellers and Bookstalls.

# HOW TO BECOME WITTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

## "BEFORE I BEGAN TO SPEAK."

---

"All things are big with jest, nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein."

G. HERBERT, *The Temple.*

---

His treatise is thoughtful and full of satire.—*Literar World.*

"Before I Began to Speak," and "How to Become Witty." These clever little books are by the same author. They are capital reading and full of fun.—*Public Opinion.*

Anyone rising from a perusal of this little book without profit to himself, must be witless indeed.—*Chiel*, Glasgow.

"Before I Began to Speak," by a Baby, and "How to Become Witty," by the same author, are two clever little works combining wit and wisdom.—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

---

PUBLISHED AT THE FLEET PRINTING WORKS,
14, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.

Just Published. Post Free 6*d*.

# HEART OR BRAIN?

By the Author of "Before I Began to Speak," by a Baby.

Published at the Fleet Printing Works, 14, Whitefriars Street, E.C.

## BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

HOW TO BECOME WITTY. Post free, 6*d*.

His treatise is thoughtful and full of satire.—LITERARY WORLD.

Anyone rising from a perusal of this little book without profit to himself, must be witless indeed.—CHIEL, Glasgow.

"Before I Began to Speak," by a Baby, and "How to Become Witty," by the same author, are two clever little works combining wit and wisdom. —SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH.

BEFORE I BEGAN TO SPEAK. By a Baby. Post Free 6*d*.

"Before I Began to Speak," and "How to Become Witty."—These clever little books are by the same author; they are capital reading and full of fun.—PUBLIC OPINION.

HOW TO CHOOSE A MEMBER FOR PARLIAMENT. Post Free 1*d*.

Published at the Fleet Printing Works, 14, Whitefriars Street, E.C.

HOW TO FORM THE HABIT OF PAYING ATTENTION, AND HOW TO PREVENT CRIME AMONG THE EDUCATED CLASSES. Post Free 4*d*.

London: ALLMAN & SONS, 67, New Oxford Street.

THE BEAUTIES OF FESTUS. By a Student. Selections from PHILIP J. BAILEY'S Celebrated Poem. Post Free 1*s*.; Cloth 2*s*.

"This little volume of selections merits the gratitude both of those who have read the original and those who have not."—LITERARY WORLD.

"A literary garland of high poetic thoughts that will delight all who turn to it."—LLOYD'S NEWSPAPER.

158 favourable Reviews have also appeared upon the above.

Published by LONGMANS & CO.; of all Booksellers and Bookstalls.

514891

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY